

W. PEARSON'S P.W.
£100 COUPON.
No. 19. May 1, 1897.
W. Newsagents. P.W.

WHY CYCLING CAUSES MADNESS

P.W. PEARSON'S P.W.
£100 COUPON.
May 1, 1897.
P.W. No. 19. P.W.

SMOKE
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"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
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PER BOX OF 10

BEAUTIFUL LADY BELLENDEN.

By K. L. SPINES.

BEAUTIFUL LADY BELLENDEN sat in her tastefully furnished drawing-room in her London house, drinking afternoon tea, quite alone.

At her elbow, on a low occasional table strewn with costly knick-knacks, stood a tiny jewelled clock, at which she continually glanced anxiously.

"Past five! and he said he'd be home early! what can be keeping him?" she murmured to herself, puckering her straight dark brows together till they made a narrow line above her heavy-lidded black eyes.

"It will be the first night for weeks that we have had the evening to ourselves—and then he doesn't come home! How annoying!"

He cannot have forgotten! An expression of fierce rage swept across her face—she struck her knee with her clenched hand and rose and paced the room impatiently. "Surely he cannot be getting tired of me already!" she exclaimed, then laughed in derision of her own words. "No, no—not that! He gets more devoted every day. He adores me! and I love him!"



A tender smile played round the red mouth, the beautiful face was transfigured. "I do love him. I love him as I never loved any man, and I will be a good wife to him, I swear I will! Help me, Holy Mother!"

She made the sign of the cross and mechanically repeated a prayer, the smile still on her lips and her thoughts evidently busy with something else. She moved over to the fireplace, and stood leaning on the mantel-board, and critically and dispassionately surveyed the reflection in the mirror.

"I have been lucky! The saints are protecting me at last," she said half out loud with a little laugh, touching the loose waves of copper-red hair with her jewelled fingers. "To-day a countess—one of the most beautiful and run-after women in London, so they say, Kate"—nodding at her own mocking face—"rich, beloved, married, celebrated, and happy, yes, really happy—and last year—"

The sound of a hansom cab stopping in front of the house interrupted her soliloquy.

"That's Arthur, I suppose. No; a visitor, by the ring at the bell; Arthur always lets himself in. Bother, I wonder who it is!"

"Mr. Vincent, my lady," announced the footman, flinging open the door.

"Vincent!" echoed Lady Bellenden below her breath, and then clutched at the mantel-board to prevent herself falling.

"How do you do, Lady Bellenden?" said the newcomer, with a slight stress on the name. The two stood gazing at one another in silence; Lady Bellenden's expression, a curious mixture of terror and defiance, Mr. Vincent with a mocking smile curling his thin lips.

"You seem surprised to see me," he said airily, "and not overjoyed. My dear Kate, is this your welcome to an old friend?"

"What do you want?" said Lady Bellenden in a low voice.

"You don't ask me to sit down; your manners have not improved, and really you used to be so hospitable."

"What do you want?" she repeated, her bosom heaving with suppressed agitation.

"To see you, my dear girl, of course. Well, I suppose such an old friend as I need not stand on ceremony," he said, putting down his hat and drawing up a chair. "I have only been in England a few weeks, and in London a few days—funny that I should run across you so soon—eh? Saw you last night at the theatre—you were pointed out to me as the Beautiful Lady Bellenden—recognised you at once, in spite of the red hair. What made you dye it?" regarding her critically. "It suits you admirably. Certainly red hair and black eyes is quite an original combination—you always were original, though—and so you are married?" Lady Bellenden's fascinated gaze for the first time left his face and glanced anxiously at the clock.

"Married, and a countess!" he added, clapping his shapely brown hands softly in admiring applause, a malicious gleam in his curiously light grey eyes—eyes which gave a sinister expression to an otherwise handsome face. "Countess Bellenden—li'm, nice name. Does his lordship know your old one—Kate the Shrew?"

"What do you want?" inquired Lady Bellenden, for the third time in the same tone, and with the same look of concentrated hate.

"My dear girl, you are a trifle monotonous! The result of married life?" with an air of polite commiseration. "No doubt it is monotonous after the varied existence of the past. I want to see you and your husband," with a significant emphasis.

Lady Bellenden looked in a hunted way towards the door. "I have no doubt I can amuse him with innumerable little anecdotes about you—interesting little reminiscences of your past which probably you have been too modest to tell him. You always were so modest and retiring—eh? And I dare say he has no idea what a celebrated character his Countess was in the old days. Of course, you have told him all about me—and that little affair at 'Possum Camp'? Do you still keep up your shooting?" he questioned with airy irrelevance.

Lady Bellenden swept round with a sudden movement and faced him. Her tall, graceful form was drawn up to its full height; she was shaking from head to foot. Her small, ruddy head was thrown back, the veins in the throat throbbing convulsively, every muscle in her face was quivering, the clear olive of her complexion had gone green, the full lips, perfectly colourless, were drawn tight over the white, even teeth, the corners caught up with a nervous twitching, like the grin of a fox, the dark eyes under the knit brows narrowed to a slit; she looked like some venomous snake about to strike.

"Cur! Hound!" she whispered in a hoarse voice. "How dare you come here? I'll have you kicked out, you devil!"

"Ha, ha! that's more like the old Kate," laughed Mr. Vincent, crossing his legs carelessly; "but your expressions are hardly aristocratic, my dear. As to having me kicked out, oh, no; you wouldn't treat an old friend like that! Such a friend as I am, too! You are going to introduce me to your husband, you know; I'm most anxious to meet him. We shall pass a pleasant evening chatting over old times."

With an imprecation and a snarl like a dog, she flung herself on him and seized his throat, left bare by the low collar, with all her strength. Almost before she touched him, he was on his feet, the lean, brown fingers clasped round her wrists like steel manacles.

"Ah! you tiger-cat—at your old tricks!" he said calmly, bending her arms back till he forced her on to her knees. A low cry of pain broke from her white lips as he bent her lissom body backwards till she nearly touched the ground. She writhed and twisted, her beautiful face distorted with pain, and he stood over her, and smiled sardonically at her futile efforts to shake off his grasp.

"Don't be a fool, Kate," he said harshly, "just listen quietly to what I've got to say." He jerked her on to her feet.

"Sit down there," pointing to the low chair, "and be sensible. You ought to know me by this time, and understand it's no use playing up pranks like that."

She sank panting and exhausted into the chair he indicated, and sat with bowed head and heaving bosom, quite cowed, gazing at her discoloured wrists. Vincent settled his collar and tie in the glass.

"Marriage hasn't broken your spirit, I see," he said presently; "I must give your husband a hint or two on managing you. I suppose he doesn't thrash you, eh? A good sound thrashing with a hunting crop always seemed to bring you to your senses when you got over-excited."

By-the-way, that was a good one I gave you the night before you bolted with Dick Massey—Ah! which reminds me—I met him just before I left America—he's dead now!"

He spoke carelessly, but nodded with a meaning air. Lady Bellenden shrank back a little, and turned even more livid than she was before.

"Of course you know—or at least you must have concluded, knowing me, that I vowed I would be even with you both," he went on quietly. "I owed Dick two scores, one for robbing me of my mare, and the other for robbing me of you. No doubt, most people would say I owed him a debt of gratitude for the latter trick—but I'm peculiar—what belongs to me, belongs to me—and when I am tired of it I kill it—or give it away—or get rid of it somehow—but I've no idea of people helping themselves or forestalling me in any way. So I owed him a grudge for taking you away. You belonged to me—in fact you still belong to me—and I've come to claim you."

"What do you mean?" cried Lady Bellenden, leaning forward in surprise. "How can you claim me? I am legally married now—you cannot claim me!"

"Oh, yes, I can. Legally married or not, I don't fancy your husband will dispute my prior right to you," Vincent remarked coolly; "I shall only have to put forward my claim—give him a few proofs of ownership, etc., tell him about that little affair at 'Possum Camp, you know—and, if I know anything of husbands, he'll give you up at once. No gentleman could do less!"

"No, no, no! You can't—you daren't tell him," panted Lady Bellenden.

"Daren't, daren't, did you say?" he interrupted with uplifted brows. "My dear girl, don't drive! Surely you know Yorke Vincent?"

"Know you—yes! I know you—devil—fiend! But even you, Yorke Vincent, fiend as you are, would not do such a thing," she cried, springing to her feet and pacing the room in agitation. "I am married, I tell you. What right have you to come here? I've done with you! I am married—and my husband loves me—and I love him!"

He gave a low laugh of amusement.

"My dear Catarina, how idyllic! He loves you and you love him, and you have neither of you ever loved before, I suppose; how delightfully romantic! But, after all, I have nothing to do with your chaste conjugal affection for each other. Go on loving each other, if it amuses you. All I want is you, my beautiful Kate, you, and I am going to have you!"

"Never!" said Lady Bellenden, facing him defiantly, "never!"

"Ah! you think so? We shall see," he said. "But sit down, you make me nervous, tramping about like that. Sit down, I say," raising his voice a little as she disregarded his remark. She flung herself into the chair again, and sat leaning forward, elbows on her knees, and her face supported in her hands.

"As I said before, you belong to me—body and soul—and I've come for you. I swore when I found you'd bolted—I swore I would hunt you and Dick Massey down, if I went

all over the world, and spent all my life at it. I've found him, and, now an odd chance has thrown you in my path, I've found you."

"Well, why don't you kill me?" said Lady Bellenden calmly. "You've killed Dick, now kill me."

"Kill you? I shouldn't have made all this palaver if I had the intention of killing you," he replied, and drawing a revolver from his hip pocket, he leant forward suddenly and placed the muzzle against her temple.

"You see it would be easy enough if that had been the idea."

She shivered slightly as the cold steel touched her fevered flesh, but otherwise did not wince, and gazed at him defiantly with half-shut eyes.

"No, shooting isn't the idea, it makes a noise, and besides would spoil the carpet," he went on, replacing the pistol, "and there's the same objection to stabbing"—producing a long, narrow stiletto—"it would spoil your gown."

She made a movement as if to snatch it from him, he caught her wrist, and put back the knife into his waistcoat.

"You recognise it, I see—sharp girl! But it was careless of you to leave it lying about, you know, your name engraved on it, too. I should have thought you would have been more prudent."

"What are you driving at, Yorke Vincent?" broke in Lady Bellenden impatiently—"get to the point and don't sit there rambling on, and driving me mad—say what you intend to say and go, my husband may be in any moment."

"Indeed? That's all right then," settling himself comfortably in the chair. "Well, in the meantime, I'll give you a little résumé of what I shall say to him, and that will explain what I am driving at, as you express it. Surely you must shock your venerable mother-in-law, the Dowager, with your slang!"

"Why do you torment me like this," she cried. "What right have you to come and ruin my life. If you think you can frighten me into returning to you, you are wrong—for I will kill myself before you lay a finger on me. Why don't you kill me as you did Dick Massey—kill me and have done with it," she added hoarsely, and slipping to the ground she made a sudden feint of falling, and flinging herself across him, thrusting her hand into his waistcoat, seized the stiletto.

"Clever, that!" ejaculated Vincent, forcing open her fingers, "but not quite clever enough. I've no doubt you would kill yourself if you had the chance, but I've a better plan than that. You don't suppose I've cherished my revenge four years just to be baulked of it in the end—oh! dear no! Listen. You say you love this man, and I can see you hate me, and yet you are going to leave him and are coming along with me. Curious, is it not?"

"Yorke Vincent, I swear I'll never go with you—we settled up scores the last time we parted."

"When you kindly left this stiletto sticking in my side. Foolish of you, Catarina—if you're going to do a thing, do it, and don't bungle. You meant to bury it in my heart, as they say in the shockers, but I suppose you missed your aim—eh? Not like you—anyhow, it glanced off my ribs and only gave me a flesh wound, you know—and I am still alive, so you see the score is not wiped out—it's my turn now. Sit quiet. This is my idea. When you were pointed out to me last night I made a few inquiries about you, being interested in your welfare, of course. My friend informed me that you were American, of a very good old New Orleans family, quite the equal of the Bellendens in birth and blue blood—excuse me smiling—and then my friend went on to expatiate on the great ideas the Bellenden family have on the subject of birth and honour, chastity, reputation, etc., etc. Their men are always brave and their women blameless—both sans peur et sans reproche—particularly the women sans reproche. Now, having heard all this story, it occurred to me that Lord Bellenden might be interested to hear my account of the Miss—Miss—what was the name?"

—it has slipped my memory—the Miss What's-her-name, of the old New Orleans family he has married. What do you think Lady Bellenden?"

He leant forward, his leg thrown over his knee, nursing his ankle in one hand, and looked with a mocking smile into her uplifted face with its hunted expression.

"Tell him what you like, he won't believe—if I give you the lie," she muttered with stiff lips; "you have no proof of anything you may say. What can you tell him that would injure me?" She spoke desperately, but for the first time a shrinking fear seemed to overshadow the reckless defiance of her attitude.

"You, as an expert shot, my dear Catarina, know that random shooting rarely tells. Everything I intend to tell your husband I can prove up to the hilt. If I am not boring you," with an air of ironical politeness, "I will tell you the story—we can rehearse the scene. You were always fond of



—One little penny, sir, we would like off you,
And one from your best friend, then there will be two.—

dramatic scenes." The unfortunate woman writhed under his sneers.

"You introduced me, let us say—or I introduced myself to your husband"—waving his hand and bowing—"as an old friend from America. His lordship is, of course, charmed to make my acquaintance, but is surprised that your ladyship has never mentioned my name, eh? I am also surprised, and somewhat hurt, our friendship is of such long standing. Would your ladyship like to hear how I first became acquainted with Lady Bellenden? Yes? It is a romantic story. Is your lordship comfortable in that chair? It is a long story as well as romantic. About six—or is it seven?—years ago I was living in a mining camp out West in America. One night a company of barn-stormers—travelling actors—came to the camp and gave a performance. Among them there was a young, half-Spanish girl about seventeen, I suppose, who went by the name of Catarina Santigenez, who danced and sang, and did shooting tricks. She was very beautiful—you were then, Catarina, though I am not sure if you are not handsomer now; red hair seems to suit you better than your own. Well, she created a *furore*. All the boys were wild about her—especially one named—let's see—ah, the Duke—he was called in camp, and another named Yorke Vincent. The girl played these two off one against the other, till one evening the rivalry ran so high that the two men—sworn friends—came to blows. Before either had time to draw his Derringer the Duke had got Yorke Vincent down and was throttling him. In the nick of time Catarina made up her mind which she preferred, and, placing her revolver at the Duke's temple, blew his brains out. But the Duke was popular in camp, so Yorke Vincent and the fair Catarina, in the lovely garnish of a boy, as the Divine Will says, had to escape for their lives. From that time forth Catarina followed the fortunes of the said Yorke Vincent, till one day, with a woman's usual distaste to monotony, she transferred her—shall we say affections?—to his best chum Dick Massey.



"One night, feeling tired of the locality, she left the camp on Vincent's mare, accompanied by Vincent's chum, leaving her stiletto as a posing gift in Vincent's side. Since then, now three years ago, the said Yorke Vincent, your humble servant, has been anxiously looking for her and her companion. He found the latter some two months ago, and last night he found the fair Catarina Santigenez in the person, Lord Bellenden—with another bow to the imaginary listener—"of your wife, the beautiful Lady Bellenden! What do you think of this curious coincidence? What do you think he will say, Lady Bellenden?"

Lady Bellenden ground her teeth in impotent rage, and broke in a torrent of abuse and foul imprecations in a mixture of English and Spanish.

"You hound! You dog! Why didn't I strike home and rid the earth of such a devil!" she cried, shaking her clenched fists in his sneering, smiling face. "It was Dick's fault. He spoilt my stroke. I wanted to finish you off, but he dragged me away—coward, prating about sticking a drunken man! He made you drunk!"

"Infra of purpose—give me the dagger," etc. I see. You would make a fine Lady Macbeth. The plan was good—yours, no doubt," remarked Vincent, stroking his moustache calmly—"et apris?"

Lady Bellenden's vehement passion had changed into despairing weeping. She could not speak.

"You go at once!" she said at length. "You go away now. I will tell Arthur all about my past. He loves me, he will forgive me—he must forgive me when he knows the life I have led—the way I was brought up. What chance had I? Oh, he must forgive me!" she wailed, wringing her hands.

"Oh, no doubt, and be charmed to hear he has a murdres for his wife, and an adventures for the mother of his heir!" he said sarcastically; "but all the same I think I had better tell him. You might forget some of the most interesting details of your varied career. I only just mentioned the leading points just now."

"He'll kill me!" she said in an absent voice, her thoughts busy with the dreaded scene to come. "He'll kill me, but I would rather die by his hand!"

"Oh, no! he won't kill you. An English gentleman doesn't take the law into his own hands, you know. Besides, think of the scandal! There has never been a scandal in the family, so my friend told me!"

"The brutal way you treated me justified my attempt to kill you—the devil himself could not have planned a more devilish revenge—is there another devil?" she cried wildly, then flinging herself on her knees before him, she began to beg and implore him in the most heartrending way. "Let me alone, Yorke. Go away, and leave me in peace and Arthur in ignorance. Either kill me or let me alone—don't tell Arthur about me—oh! don't tell Arthur, he believes in me—he has such a beautiful faith in me. Holy Mother! is it not hard? I am trying to be the good woman he imagines me, to live up to the high ideal he has of women—it is not so difficult to be good over here, living this quiet, protected life, shielded from all temptation—cared for by the man I love—and, oh! Yorke, I do love him so—have pity—I do love him so!"

"And you tell me so, you fool!" hissed Vincent, seizing her by the shoulders in a sudden paroxysm of rage, his hitherto impassive face distorted with jealous fury—"you love him! and I am to go away and leave the turtle doves in their little nest—oh?—and what of me—I who love you

and have loved you and longed for you all the six years—yes! although I hate you, I love you! and your beauty maddens me—I won't give you up—you belong to me and I will have you."

He crushed her in his arms with all his strength, his white convulsed face pressed close to hers. She writhed and twisted her lithe body in his fierce embrace like a snake, her head thrown back, and her wild eyes distended with fear and bathing as she tried to defend herself with all her might from the passionate kisses with which he was covering her face and throat.

"Let me go," she gasped, "let me go, if my husband were to come in!"

"What a tableau!" he laughed, and drawing her still closer he placed one hand at the back of her head and forced it against his chest. "What a pretty picture for Lord Bellenden to see, his wife in the arms of a stranger, her head reposing tenderly on his breast—eh? While he passes lord kisses on her up-turned face"—smiting the action to the world. Lady Bellenden, exhausted with her struggle and the conflict of emotion—she had gone through, weak as an infant in his powerful grasp, remained unresistingly in the position in which he had placed her, tears of mingled pain and rage pouring down her face.

"Let me go, for Heaven's sake," she pleaded brokenly, "and I will do whatever you like—when Arthur knows what I am, what I have been, he will cast me off. He will make me enter a convent and take the black veil," with a shudder. "So I may as well return to you. I throw up the hand. I'm cowered! But don't tell him, for Heaven's sake don't, Yorke. Let me disappear, commit suicide or something, anything rather than he should know the truth—it will break his heart."

She obeyed, burying her face in his waistcoat. She could feel the stiletto in a sheath between it and the stiff front of his shirt. He loosened his grasp of her, and holding her away from him slightly, looked down into her agitated face with suspicion.

"Are you in earnest, Kate? Do you mean what you say? If I go now will you come to me to-night?"

"Yes, yes," she assented eagerly, pressing his chest with impatient hands. "Yes, yes, I will come to you to-night. Let me have this evening with him—we have no engagements to-night—just this one last evening!"

"Very well; but on second thoughts I will come and fetch you," he said with a grim smile. "I will come at eleven o'clock, and if you are not ready to come without any fuss, I shall walk upstairs and tell your husband everything, you understand. I shall be here on the stroke of eleven, and expect to find you waiting."

"It's a bargain!" she said quietly, and held up her mouth to be kissed. As he caught her to him she slipped her hand into his waistcoat and managed to seize the stiletto for the third time, thrusting it unobserved into the soft masses of her hair as he loosed his hold. She smiled to herself in the glass as she moved to ring the bell for the footman to let Mr. Vincent out.

As the door shut after him, she shook her clenched hands at it, and laughed out loud exultingly.

"Oh, you fool, you fool! I can't see an inch before my nose, can't I, Yorke Vincent? If you are going to do a thing, my dear girl, do it and don't bungle. Ha, ha, ha! who's bungled now, Yorke Vincent? You think yourself very clever, but after all Catarina has outwitted you, my friend! For all your strength and all your knowledge of women, Kate can still twist you round her little finger! Oh, you fool! to think, hating you as I do, that I should ever go back to you! I'd choke myself with my own hands sooner! But now to think, to plan something. If I cannot twist Arthur round my finger in the same way, he does not love me as he pretends, or I am not as beautiful as they say."

Flushing up the loose waves of hair with the murderous little weapon she had taken from its hiding-place, she stood for some time lost in thought.

"Yes, that's the only thing—right. I must get Arthur to go away, and then I can settle accounts with Mr. Yorke Vincent. Arthur must go to-night—and yes, so must I, but I must come back; how to find out where he's stopping tonight? That I can think of later"—ringing the bell—"Tell Evans to pack Lord Bellenden's portmanteau with things for three or four days," she said to the footman who appeared, "and send Zelle to me," she added as she left the room.

An hour or so later Lady Bellenden sat in the lamp-lit room still waiting for her husband's return. Outwardly calm and indifferent, she was telling the butler to postpone the dinner, when a footman appeared with a telegram, on which lay a telegram. She read it quickly.

"Lord Bellenden will not be in to dinner, so bring me some sandwiches and a pint of champagne here," she said carelessly to the butler.

She drank down the goblet of champagne at one gulp when the servant had left the room, and sprang to her feet, and paced the room in a fury of disappointment and jealousy.

"An all-night sitting at the House," she read the telegram again. "He said he had nothing on when he left this afternoon. It's a lie. Men are all alike; an excuse not to spend the evening with me. He's getting tired of me, I

know it," dashing her hand down on the small table by which she was standing. Her violence made the lamp on it sway dangerously, and as she prevented it falling her eyes fell on the stiletto; it changed the current of her thoughts.

"Good Heaven! what shall I do now?" burst from her in an agonised cry. "Vincent will come at eleven, and I had counted on perceiving Arthur to leave London before this. What shall I do? What shall I do?" She wrung her hands and looked round the room in despair, vaguely seeking some idea of escape, quite unstrung at this fresh blow.

"This is fate! There is no hope for me now; what is the use of struggling against fate?" she muttered, fingering the tiny knife unconsciously. "The saints have given me up. I suppose I have been too bad, but I was trying to be good. Oh! it is hard; there's no escape, it is fate!" She flung herself down on the sofa in a perfect abandonment of passionate and despairing grief. Presently the clock struck, her ear caught the vibration of the strokes without her mind grasping the number. She sat up and looked at the time, her tear-filled eyes hardly able to distinguish the small enamelled figures.

"Half-past ten! so late! he will be here almost directly. Let me think of something, my brain is on fire!" beating her head against her clenched hands, the sharp stones in her rings passing into her burning forehead.

She took up the stiletto and then flung it again on the table, and with a smile of delight at a sudden thought she rose and crossed the room to a cabinet, which she unlocked.

"He asked me if I kept up my shooting," she said, taking out a revolver from one of the drawers. "I wonder if I have forgotten the trick of it. I think not—at least, I may as well as before I give up the game. Fat's against me, that's plain. Arthur not returning to-night is a clear proof. I may as well die to-night as to-morrow—there's no escape, but I'll see if I can do for you, yourself, before I go myself."

She examined the weapon carefully, and loaded it in all chambers, and placing the stiletto in the broad sash of her gown, sat down again near the table with her eyes fixed on the clock. The minutes ticked slowly by as she sat and thought.

"Shooting means an awful noise, as he said, but he's so strong, unless by a trick I should never get near him to stab him, and by now he's missed the knife and will be on his guard. I am more likely to shoot him dead if I can sight him before he does me," she mused, "so I must do it at once before he has time to try and get the stiletto from me."

A hansom pulled up. She started up with blanched face and beating heart.

"It cannot be he! it is too early—it must be Arthur—I shall know by the key—No! a ring at the bell—it is he!" She moved swiftly and silently across the room, and turned down the lamps to the merest glimmer, and then stood facing the door. She could hear the quick tread on the stairs, a pause outside the door, and then the handle turned and it opened, and a man stood on the threshold.

"Are you here?" a voice began; then there was a sharp report, a groan, and a heavy fall. She crouched down and listened, hardly breathing. No sound, no movement. A cold hand seemed to clasp her heart in an iron grip, and an awful feeling of terror paralysed her limbs. The servants would be up in a minute; she could already hear the footmen hurrying down in the hall. Suppose—suppose—her brain was on fire; she could not even form the awful thought that she seemed to feel. She dragged herself to one of the lamps and pulled herself up by its iron pedestal, and, with a shaking hand, turned it up to a full glow.

He had fallen on his face. She knelt down and tried to turn him over. He was too heavy; but she managed, with frenzied strength, to pull round the head. She had aimed at his heart; but by some chance—no doubt her excitement—the bullet had struck him in the centre of the forehead. The face was covered with blood. She wiped it away with the folds of her white satin gown. The dead man was her husband!

The mysterious tragedy was a nine days' wonder. What added to the mystery was that a stiletto, engraved Catarina Santigenez, was found in the heart of the beautiful Lady Bellenden.

"The dice of the gods are always loaded!" ("The Tattooed Inscription," by Adelaide Russell, next week.)

A SMALL landed proprietor was taking a drive with his daughter and his intended son-in-law for the purpose of showing the latter round the estate. The coachman drove at a smart pace.

"John," whispered his master in his ear, "don't drive so fast, the estate will look so small."

A Guinea For Your Thoughts.

EVERYBODY has a good idea occasionally, the difficulty being to dispose of it to the best advantage. We therefore offer a guinea every week to the reader of P. W. who sends us the best idea. It may be for a new feature in any of the papers we publish, a new prize competition, a plot for a story, an idea for a new paper, for advertising, etc., etc. The week's letters will be judged as from Monday to Saturday in each week.

Sent in at once to "Idea Editor," Pearson's.

The winner of the guinea for the best idea this week is Mr. Edwin Yates, 10, Berkeley Place, Cheltenham.



QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2477. If Light Passes Through Moving Water, is its Velocity Affected by the Movement of the Water?

Yes. Light is ascribed to waves propagated through an exceedingly rare medium termed ether, which is supposed to pervade all space and to exist even between the molecules of the ordinary forms of matter. Light travels at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second; and one would be inclined to think that an accurate measurement of such enormous velocity would be impossible. But by a most ingenious apparatus, invented by Foucault, the speed of light can be measured within the limits of a single room. Experiments of Fizeau and Michelson, on the effect of the movement of water, on light passing through it, show that "the light is accelerated or retarded to the extent of nearly one half the speed of the water, according as its direction coincides with or is opposed to that of the motion of the water." It is concluded from this that the water to a certain degree carries along with it in its motion the portions of ether within it. A curious difference is seen in the case of air, which, like other substances, is supposed to be pervaded by the ether. "The motion of air, even at high velocities, has no perceptible influence on the propagation of light through it." Whether the ether at the earth's surface is absolutely at rest, or is affected by the motion of the earth, is a disputed point. In fact, the very existence of the ether is only a hypothesis.

3181. Which is the Most Celebrated Garden in the World?

Of ancient gardens, the most famous would probably be the hanging, or more properly, terrace-gardens of Babylon, provided always that a fair proportion of what has come down to us about them can be accepted as historical. Next, and possibly with a better claim to authenticity, would come the famous Jahan-Nuna ("Epitome of the World"), the most beautiful of the celebrated rose gardens of Shiraz, which have been known for centuries as the source of the extract or attar of roses. The city of Shiraz, once one of the most beautiful and luxurious in the world, was the favourite residence of the early Persian kings, and it was also honoured throughout the East as the birthplace of Hafiz and Saadi, who have immortalised its beauties; but repeated earthquakes have ruined its beauty and destroyed its prosperity. Of modern gardens, the two most celebrated are probably those of the Vatican and Versailles.

2434. Which Author has Produced in his Readers the Greatest Affection for Himself?

This is a question that can hardly be adequately answered by a single instance. Were it possible to canvass the highest intellects of the world, there is but little doubt but that their suffrages would be given to Plato, Homer being too indefinite a personality to come within the scope of the question. On a somewhat lower plane, it may be said that no writer ever made more friends than Horace, and perhaps none have made so many. In modern times, Jean Paul Richter inspired such intense personal affection in his readers that his popularity became an infliction to him. Certainly no man ever had so many women in love with him, and one lady committed suicide on his account without ever having seen him. Of English writers, Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb would fairly divide the palm of personal popularity between them. Of the writers personally known to this generation, Robert Louis Stevenson in England and Oliver Wendell Holmes in America have probably endeared their personalities more to their readers than any others.

3489. On the Average, how far is Roman London Below Modern London?

It has been fairly well proved that Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheap-side, and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of the Britons. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the ancient Roman gods. A little over a century ago, when deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard Street, the lowest stratum consisted of tessellated pavements, and many coloured dice were lying scattered about, and above that was a thick layer of wood ashes, as of the debris of charred wooden buildings. In building the Exchange the workmen came on a gravel pit full of oyster shells, cattle-bones, old sandals, and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Threadneedle Street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. Authorities on the subject state that the soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in a century.

3486. Has the Style of Trimming the Beard ever Led to a Great War?

In the twelfth century the thunders of the Vatican denounced all wearers of beards and long curls, and Louis VII., who had already experienced all the horrors of Papal Interdict, in obedience to the priestly mandate immediately cropped his hair and shaved off his beard, to the great sorrow of all the gallants of his Court. His queen, the gay and pleasure-seeking Eleanor of Guienne, found him very ridiculous in this trim, and continually reproached him for imitating not only the manners but also the asceticism of the monks. She avenged herself in very unqueenly fashion, and her shaven lord forthwith obtained a divorce, and lost, with his unfaithful spouse, the rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou. Eleanor then bestowed her hand and her dowry upon Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. of England, and thus gave the English kings that strong footing on the Continent which was the origin of the great wars that lasted for three centuries.

3467. Is it a Fact that Certain Kinds of Birds have a Preference for Certain Kinds of Trees?

This certainly appears to be the case. For instance, there is the meadow pipit and the tree pipit, the willow warbler and the sedge warbler, etc. It is the case also that the same birds generally nest in the same kind of trees each year. Some naturalists go further than this, and hold that of birds which live mostly in trees, the different kinds prefer different kinds of trees, and generally frequent them, quite apart from reasons connected with nesting. Thus "the oak tree generally harbours," so it is said, "rooks and jays; finches prefer lime trees, blackcaps mostly laurels. The thrush prefers the birch and the ash, the woodpecker the beech, and the nightingale nut trees." It is said also that the chaffinch and the greenfinch generally roost in yew and holly trees. The redstart is most often found in woods abounding in old and decayed timber. Evergreens are much frequented by many kinds of birds, both for the shelter they afford when the other trees are leafless, and because of the berries which serve as food.

3483. Has a Bill ever been Literally Kicked out of the House of Commons by the Members?

In the month of June, 1772, the Commons sent a certain money bill up to the Lords, and it came back again amended in a fashion which the members of the Lower House looked upon as an infringement of their time-honoured right of granting supplies. There was just then a great deal of friction between the Upper and Lower Houses, and this interference so exasperated the Commons that the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, took up the Bill and threw it over the table on to the floor, upon which several members of both parties left their seats and kicked it ignominiously out of the Chamber. This singular method of procedure is said to have been adopted on more than one occasion, but this is the last on record.

3433. Which is the Most Remarkable Example of a Mistake in a Famous Painting?

The painters of two or three centuries ago seem to have thought little of painting evident anachronisms. In many cases their doing so cannot be attributed to mere ignorance, and some writers have attempted to show that they regarded pictures in a different light from that in which we do. For this reason some of the following instances cannot perhaps be properly called mistakes, though some of them certainly can. Raphael represents Apollo playing the violin, and has a red lobster in his "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (There are no lobsters in the Sea of Galilee.) A well-known Dutch painter shows us Abraham preparing to sacrifice his son by blowing out his brains with a pistol. In another Dutch picture one of the Wise Men is represented offering to the Divine Infant a model of a Dutch man-of-war. Dürer painted Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden by an angel in a dress trimmed with founcces. Uccello, wishing to represent a chameleon, makes it a marvellous beast, half camel, half lion. In a famous picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, we see in the background a hunter in full costume shooting ducks. Paul Veronese places several Benedictine monks among the priests at the marriage in Cana. Tintoretto represents the Israelites gathering manna armed with guns. Poussin has a picture of St. Jerome seated in front of a clock. A picture (in London) of Sir Cloudesley Shovel shows us the famous Admiral with a Roman cuirass and sandals, and an eighteenth century wig.

3490. How was it that Printing did not Come into Use in Europe till so Late in its History?

It is quite impossible to suppose that printing—that is to say, the art of impressing facsimiles of characters and designs on materials suitable for their reception—could have been unknown to the ancients, for, as a matter of fact, all the records we have of Assyria and Chaldea have been transmitted to us by means of what was, to all intents and purposes, printing. The dispute as to the first invention and use of movable types may be left an open question, but it is certain that they were known and used long before printing became general in Europe. But as regards the lateness of what may be called the popular application of printing in Europe, it may be ascribed to two causes. Up to the fifteenth century such learning as Europe possessed was a jealously-guarded monopoly of the Church. The priesthood and the monkish orders were at once the guardians, the reproducers, and the distributors of such literature as existed. Both on theological and commercial grounds they would, therefore, use their utmost efforts to prevent the indefinite multiplication of copies. But the second cause operated even more powerfully than this. It was simply the lack of a cheap vehicle of reproduction. Printing on vellum or papyrus in the fifteenth century, would have been like printing a twelve-page daily newspaper on satin. It was when the wearing of linen and cotton clothing produced an inexhaustible supply of rags, and made cheap paper-making possible, that the printer found his first opportunity. This, combined with the intellectual revolt of the sixteenth century, overcame the resistance of the Church, and printing then became popular because it then first became practicable.

3482. Was Wood Paving Known to the Ancients?

There does not seem to be any direct evidence of the fact, although probably it was the case. In countries where wood was plentiful and stone difficult to get, the advantages of paving roads with wood soaked in pitch must surely have suggested themselves to the builders of towns and cities, although, naturally, the perishable nature of such paving would have prevented any evidences of it surviving the lapse of several centuries. The introduction of wood paving, as we know it, dates from the year 1825, and by 1840 it was laid down in the streets of at least three great cities, Petersburg, Vienna, and New York.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3511. Where is the velocipede first mentioned in English literature?
3512. Which is the most striking example in history of the power of personal beauty?
3513. Which millionaire has so far utilised his wealth in the most sensible manner?
3514. Of which animals do the male and female display the greatest affection for each other?
3515. Which is the most striking example in history of "Much ado about nothing"?
3516. Why is excessive gambling one of the first vices that appears in any newly-formed community?
3517. What was the least provocation which caused a war between two civilised countries?
3518. Which was the most ingenious method of planting trees in inaccessible sites ever successfully adopted?
3519. Which Act of Parliament has most conspicuously failed to affect the purpose for which it was passed?
3520. In which country does the climate seem least to conform to the latitude?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be absolutely secured by the payment of a small annual premium to the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are prepared to issue policies to the Investor securing his money and interest.

NO ONE SHOULD LEND MONEY ON MORTGAGE WITHOUT SUCH INSURANCE.
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RICHARD J. PAULL,

General Manager and Secretary

40 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THREE SEVENS ARE TWENTY-THREE.

A WRITER says, in regard to the Prussia of fifty years ago, that it had a lottery, and in every town, large or small, was a collector, appointed to sell the tickets. One day a servant girl came to the collector in Hagen, and asked if she could buy No. 23.

He did not have it in his possession, but as the girl seemed very much in earnest, and refused to be put off with any other number, he tried to obtain it from some of the other collectors in town, and finally succeeded.

The drawing took place, and Hagen rose to a state of feverish excitement when it was known that this girl had become the winner of a large sum of money. She found herself, for a time, the chief object of interest in the town.

She was, of course, asked how she came to fix upon No. 23. Thereupon she gave this simple and lucid explanation:

"I dreamt one night No. 7, and a second night I dreamt No. 7, and a third night again. So I thought, 'Three times seven makes twenty-three, and I bought that number!'"

THE POKER AS A TEXT.

THERE was a little old woman in the city of Glasgow who much admired Dr. Chalmers, and diligently attended all his sermons on Sundays and week days, whether they were doctrinal or practical, theological or astronomical.

One day she went home in great perplexity. Dr. Chalmers had dwelt much on a "Moral Lever," with which he wished to uplift human nature.

What a "Moral Lever" was the little old woman could not divine. A friend took the poker, and placed it on the bars of the grate, trying to realise the idea and make the imagery palpable.

The little old woman paused, mused, and at last the fire burnt. She bethought of the indignity done to the pulpit, the subject, the doctor, and herself, by so gross a materialisation of the "Moral Lever," and, bursting with indignation, she asked:

"Do you mean to tell me that Dr. Chalmers would preach for an hour about a poker?"

FADS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

PORTRAITS ARE NOW PRINTED ON WATCHES, BUTTONS, AND SOUP-PLATES.

THIS being an age when nothing done as it used to be done is considered the correct thing, it is not surprising that exponents of the dignified art of photography should catch the fever and strive to break away from the old style of printing photographs on paper.

A photographer with whom P.W. had a talk the other day, has commenced to take photographs on any unusual articles on which it was found possible to make a permanent impression. Among the most novel of these photographs are those taken on the dials of watches. The faces stand out with beautiful clearness on the white face of the watch, and the effect is very pretty.

The photograph is placed in the centre of the top of the dial under the figure twelve. The pictures are taken either singly or in groups. One father of three children has just had the photograph of the trio taken on the dial of his watch.

Another original idea is the placing of tiny photographs in the handles of canes and umbrellas. The artist showed P.W. one set of these, consisting of a whole family—father, mother, and five children—and has set the pictures in a circle round the ivory handle of an umbrella. The photographs are about the size of a sixpence, but so cleverly are they made that the features show as clearly as though in a cabinet-sized picture.

But even these clever photographic novelties are ordinary in comparison with the photographs that the artist has succeeded in taking on handkerchiefs and collars. He has discovered a process by which he is enabled to take an indelible picture direct from the negative on linen or silk. The handkerchief can be washed without any particular care being taken in so doing, for the picture will not fade.

Another form is to print the photograph on the collars of boys and girls. One of these, which was exhibited to P.W., showed a big linen sailor collar, such as are worn by little boys, on each corner of which was stamped a photograph. The collar had been made to order for parents who evidently intended that their child should have no possible chance of forgetting his progenitors.

In addition to these novelties, the artist has taken photographs on buttons, to be worn on the coat. Two children may be photographed on one button, or the fond father can wear two buttons, or three or four or more, one for each member of the family, if he wishes to exhibit the full extent of his domestic happiness.

At this point the inventor seems to have been seized with a mania for putting a photograph upon everything he touched. He extends his art to the table crockery, and goes as far as taking pictures on cups and saucers and plates.

In soup plates he has given his fancy free rein, so that a husband while dining out can not only see his wife's features in life at the dinner table, but can watch her picture becoming clearer and clearer on the bottom of his plate as he scoops up the intervening liquid.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

THE poets sing of Hebes fair,
O! bonnie lassies *débonnaire*;
Thy sonnets pen to golden hair,
Which all delight to own.
The darlings of sweet poetry,
I grant that these fair charmers be,
But that dear woman give to me
Who sews my buttons on!

I once would muse before the fire,
My trousers held by bits of wire;
I know not why—I don't inquire—
These I was forced to don;
But life has now no sad regret,
I bless my little useful pet,
The darlings I ever met,
Who sews my buttons on!

These little hands, so small and white,
So true and nimble, to my sight
Are ever more a pure delight,
A joy to dwell upon!
The way they mend a buttonhole,
And how the needle they control,
I love the girl with all my soul
Who sews my buttons on!

The useful and the sweet are mine,
All folded in those hands divine,
What need that I should now repine?
A garment whole I don.
So let the poets pen their rhyme,
And praise the girls of every clime,
I her extol who all the time
Doth sew my buttons on!

NEVER AT A LOSS.

THE parish clerk of a certain village was a bit of a poet. One day he came to the vicar.

"Well, Thomas, what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, one of the hymns for next Sunday has got in it:

"And may our hearts in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

"Now, there ain't many of our people as have ever seen a harp, so it don't convey no meanin' to 'em. If you don't mind, sir, I should just like to alter it. They do know what a violin is like, for old David Jones leads the choir with one. Don't you think it would sound better to say:

"And may our hearts be tuned within
Like Uncle David's violin?"

The vicar smiled, and said:
"Not at all bad, Thomas. Very well."

When the time came, however, for reading out the hymn, the vicar and service old Thomas had forgotten the little slip of paper on which he had written the lines. He tried to do without it.

"And may our hearts—
And may our hearts—"

but stuck fast. No, he couldn't think how it went. At last a bright thought flashed through his mind, and he gave out triumphantly:

"And may our hearts go iddle-diddle
Like Uncle David's little fiddle."

A MISTRESS told her maid that she must not always do things on her responsibility, but first ask permission. The next day Betty walked into the parlour, and said politely:

"Ma'am, the cat is busy eating up the duck in the pantry. May I send her away or not?"

On a recent Sunday the clergyman of a parish church in Kent was reading the notices for the week, and concluded by saying:

"There will be a christening next Sunday at 10.30."

He then slowly walked to the pulpit. Suddenly turning to the congregation, he remarked in severe tones:

"Remember, Mrs. Toulinson, I said 10.30. A year ago you were late, I believe."

A SEWING MACHINE GIVEN AWAY!

You have an opportunity at the present time of securing, absolutely for nothing, a magnificent Ten-Guinea Sewing Machine of the very latest make and pattern.

This beautiful machine is being offered by the Editor of *The Sunday Reader* as first prize in a new Puzzle Picture Competition. There are only twenty-four pictures to solve, so that very little work indeed is connected with the competition.

Go right away to your newspaper at once and get *The Sunday Reader* for May 1st, now ready, price one penny, and you will there see full particulars about this competition.

The current number of *The Sunday Reader* is full of the most interesting Stories, Articles, and Anecdotes. There are interviews with the President of the United States, and with his mother. A series of articles on the phonology of preachers is continued, the characteristcs of Dean Farrar as shown by the shape of his head being fully consideed. There is also a picture and an interesting article upon a new form of Christian work—that of preaching and conducting a service by telephone.

Don't fail to get this week's *Sunday Reader*, Now Ready, One Penny.

MISSIONARY BOILED WITH ONION SAUCE.

A MISSIONARY about to be put to death by a savage king, whom he had vainly attempted to convert, was greatly astonished to find that the king had suddenly resolved to pardon him. The only stipulation his majesty made was that he should mount his horse, and carry a small sealed packet and a letter to another king some distance away.

He started off in high glee, and on his way he met with a detachment of English sailors, sent to his assistance. They wanted him to go on board their ship, but he declined, being desirous of fulfilling his mission. But they would not accept this answer, and whilst the discussion was proceeding, an officer examined the packet and the letter.

In the former he found a number of pungent little onions, whilst the latter contained the simple but significant words in native hieroglyphics:

"He will be delicious with these."

WHEN THE KISSES ARE RESISTED.

"As long as I have been on this beat," said a policeman very early one morning, "my wife has never had occasion to buy hairpins."

"You see, sir, I have to go through several quiet streets, which at evening time must be the delight of whispering lovers."

"I've been young myself," he continued with a wink, "and I know that when lovers are together in a quiet street a good deal of kissing takes place, in which the lady may take an active part. But perhaps she makes some pretence of resisting, in which case her hair gets disarranged by the young man trying to put his arm round her neck, and a few of her hairpins fall. That is why I find so many of them on my beat in the morning."

"I now and again find hair ornaments, such as paste stars and crescents. No, I have never found real diamonds, though on one occasion I did find half of a gold ear-ring."

A LITTLE ROW OF "BROWNS."

WHAT THEY ARE ABLE TO DO.

A LITTLE row of pennies, nine all told, represent to many thousands who read these lines a very insignificant sum indeed.

The cost of riding to the City by bus a few mornings, while you might walk, just to vary the monotony.

The change out of your shilling which you receive from the siren behind the counter of your tobacconist after you have invested in a cigar.

The price of the flower which you buy for your sweetheart every Saturday night, which she would readily forgo, once in a way, if you told her the reason.

The remainder of your half-sovereign after you have been with an old school friend.

Twelve months' interest on that thirty shillings which you have invested in the Post-office Saving Bank. Hardly worth while adding to the capital, is it?

The sum you spend in seeing a football or cricket match, when you might derive the same amount of pleasure by reading the vivid description of the game in the *Athletic Record*.

The price of a new feather, a flower, or a piece of ribbon for your hat.

The cost of a new doll which your little girl will soon grow tired of and throw aside.

The value of a drum or trumpet, which your small boy uses to make his mother's head ache and drive his father crazy.

To you it may be an insignificant amount, but I have cause to regard it as a very respectable sum—this a little row of "browns."

The purchasing power of one penny is wonderful, but the results obtained by a combination of nine borders on the miraculous.

It takes a little child of the slums—one of the waifs and strays of our great cities—away from the close, stifling atmosphere of the evil-smelling courts and alleys, where the poor are engaged in the mighty struggle for existence.

It takes them away to the bright, open country, to revel for a whole day amongst the flowers and sunshine, to romp and play to their hearts' content, while their eyes sparkle with expectation and delight at what they are pleased to regard as a sumptuous banquet, which is provided, in the shape of unlimited cake, bread, jam, milk, and meat-pies.

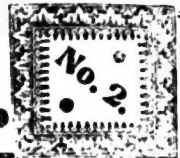
It would be an insult to suppose for one moment that any reader of P.W. was devoid of feeling. Perish the thought!

There is a depth of feeling in your heart. Let there be a feeling of depth in your pocket.

Come now, don't turn over this page till you have fished out the magic sum, so that at least one little heart may be gladdened, and in the warm summer nights one little head will lie on its pillow, full of sweet recollection of the glorious day spent in the country, thanks to your kindness and generosity, while you will have the pleasure of knowing that you have brought one bright ray of sunshine into an otherwise darkened life.

—Four little pennies, sir, to keep the game alive,
And one for the referee, that makes five.—

PEARSON'S PICTURE PUZZLES...



Third Series.

Names of Railway Stations.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS IN PRIZES.

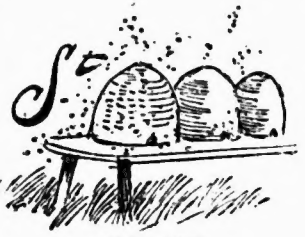
- 1st PRIZE - - - - - Fifty Pounds in Gold.
 2nd PRIZE - - - - - A Ten-Pound Bank of England Note.
 3rd, 4th, and 5th PRIZES. Five-Pound Bank of England Notes.
 6th to 20th PRIZES - - - - - Fifteen Sovereigns.
 21st to 40th PRIZES - - - - - Twenty Half-Sovereigns.

BELOW you will find ten pictures. They represent the names of ten Railway Stations in Great Britain and Ireland. If you will look at the picture in the margin you will see the reply is ST. IVES. What are the other names?
 Write down the names in the spaces provided, and then keep the list till four other sets have appeared.

DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT SEND IN BEFORE SATURDAY, MAY 22nd,

Don't be discouraged if you cannot find all the names. Fill in fifty-five, fifty, or even fewer. Other people may be no more clever than yourself.

You may send in as many attempts as you wish when the time comes, but each set of six must be in a separate envelope, and will be considered a separate attempt. Only one solution is allowed under each picture.



ST. IVES.



No. 11.....



No. 12.....



No. 13.....



No. 14.....



No. 15.....



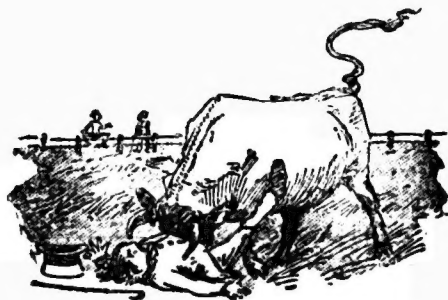
No. 16.....



No. 17.....



No. 18.....



No. 19.....

Remember these Things

Look through the time-tables issued by the various railway companies, or through copies of Bradshaw or the A.B.C. time-book. This will help you to win.

If there is any picture you cannot name, some friend may be able to give you the information.

Name.....

Address.....



No. 20.....

—Five little pennies won't help you from this fix,
 Better have another bid; now there are six.—

TAMING BUTTERFLIES.

Two Parisian ladies have taken to taming butterflies. A gentleman, recently returned from Asia, happened to bring the young ladies rare specimens as souvenirs of the trip.

Each lady has about fifty in her collection, and it is marvellous how tame the creatures have become. Upon the entrance of their mistress they fly to greet her, perching up on her shoulders, head, and finger-tips.

The way they were trained was by feeding them with honey from the finger-tips. They have been most serviceable as studies for all kinds of art work, painting them on the wing and in groups, when embroidering, and when reproducing their gorgeous hues in oil. The butterflies have shown themselves very susceptible to the charm of music.

EAT BREAD WITH BEER.

There is a proverb among the Arabians, that when a man drinks coffee he should eat something. It has been added as a sort of rider to this proverb, that even if there is nothing else at hand, the individual who indulges in the infusion of the moccha berry should swallow one of the buttons of his garments.

A Berlin Court has recently had something like this question brought before it in coming to a decision regarding the giving of a licence to a certain restaurant keeper.

His application was for a spirit licence, because he declared that on the ground of health, it behooves any man who wants a glass of beer to drink a small glass of brandy before, in order to prevent any mischievous effects from the malt liquor.

As Germany is nothing if not scientific, it is hardly necessary to add that a large number of expert witnesses was called to give their views as to the healthfulness or otherwise of this habit. Oddly enough, the taking of a small quantity of brandy with beer is a decidedly healthful proceeding, quite apart from any consideration of the pleasure that the consumer might possibly derive from it.

It was, however, suggested to the court that it would be better, on the whole, if, instead of drinking brandy, the individual should eat a little piece of bread.

Although there is not much alcohol in most German beer, which is essentially of a light character, the quantity taken in the way that a large number of Germans do, is quite sufficient to produce very definite results.

WHERE THE JOKE CAME IN.

"I WENT to my husband's office yesterday afternoon to get some money," said Mrs. Wilson, as she settled back in her chair to tell her dearest friend the latest family joke. "I was in town shopping, and had spent every farthing I had."

"Of course," said the dearest friend; "that's the way it always do, too. Did he grumble about it?"

"No; he wasn't at his office. That's where the joke comes in."

"Joke!" exclaimed the dearest friend. "I should have thought you would have been angry enough to—about use bad language."

"I was at first," admitted Mrs. Wilson. "But when they told me he had gone home early, I got over being angry, because I knew he'd gone home to have a quiet chat with me before dinner, and that he'd be as cross as a bear when he found I wasn't there. It made me laugh to think of him fretting and fuming because I wasn't home, after he'd left the office early to go to me. I didn't hurry either. I took my time because you know it does a man good to have these little disappointments once in a while. If he always found his wife at home he wouldn't half appreciate it."

"Was he very angry?" asked the friend with interest.

"No; that's the funny part of it," replied Mrs. Wilson. "The servant told him I'd gone up to town, intending to go to his office, and he said it made him laugh to think how vexed I'd be when I found he had gone home. So he had just sat down and chuckled all the time until I came home."

"It was all right, then, I suppose?" said the dearest friend.

"No, indeed, it wasn't."

"But you were both in good humour?"

"No, we weren't; that's the very funniest part of the whole story. When we each found that the other thought it was a good joke, we were both so bad-tempered that we didn't speak for a whole evening."

"I HEAR that Miss Woody is inconsolable over the loss of poor little Fido."

"Yes, poor thing. Every time it rains cats and dogs she rushes to the window to see if he is among them."

"YES, sir. I hold that when a man makes a little extra money, his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress."

"You are a philosopher, I presume?"

"No; I am a draper."

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

ROSA BONHEUR, before taking to painting, was a sempstress.

NOTWITHSTANDING his age, Lord Fisher is the best-looking legal dignitary in Great Britain.

SIR ALFRED MILNER is a bachelor. It is a curious fact that most of the men who have been closely associated with South African politics of late years are unmarried.

THE Grand-Duke Paul of Russia is the tallest royalty in the world. He never travels without a bed made in sections, which is built up for him at each place at which he stops by a man-servant whose only work is that of being bed-maker to his Imperial Highness.

MRS. NANSEN, the wife of the great explorer, was, before her marriage, a singer. Like most Swedish women, she speaks English well, and is very fond of British illustrated papers. Indeed, most of our leading periodicals find their way to her picturesque home at Lysaker, a village near Christiania.

THE Duke of Norfolk greatly enjoys his duties as Postmaster-General, for it had long been his ambition to occupy some such position in Her Majesty's Government. Few people are aware that the premier duke was educated by the late Cardinal Newman. His school-fellows at the Oratory thought him a very quiet and rather dull boy, but he has proved that he is gifted with plenty of sound common-sense.

GENERAL DIAZ, President of Mexico, is exactly the same height as is Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. The world now seems to be given over to those of small stature. General Diaz is of mixed Spanish and Indian parentage. He has been called the Bismarck of Mexico, and he alone has made his country feared and respected by her powerful neighbours. For the first time in the history of Mexico, the President early decided that he would not live in the building called the National Palace. Accordingly he has continued to dwell with his wife and three children in his own private house.

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg has retained a very sincere interest in the British Navy. Like his nephew, the Duke of York, he is a really good seaman, and can claim his naval rank, not by virtue of his birth, but by sheer hard work. As is the case with many members of the royal family, the Queen's second son is a great collector. He has the finest collection of silver ships and silver ornaments connected with shipping—anchors, buoys, compasses, and so on. The Duke is also passionately fond of old glass, and doubtless this forgotten fad will soon come to the front again. One room in the royal palace of Coburg is entirely put aside for the exhibition of rare glass. Old Bohemian and old Venetian crystals have the place of honour, but the Duke is very fond of the British cut-glass decanters and beakers, and he has some unique specimens. On the other hand, all the decanters, wine-glasses, and household glass generally used at the Palace Edinburgh is most severely plain, being simply ornamented with a tiny ducal crown and the initials A. and M., standing for Alfred and Marie.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway Insurance.

455 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

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OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LIMITED.

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INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 23 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1895.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is a guarantee.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and is subject to the condition of entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the condition of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1895, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 24 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsgatherer or to the publisher, and not during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsgatherer's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, April 23rd, 1897, until Midnight, Saturday, May 1st, 1897. (See column 2, page 688.)

OH, THAT HEAD!

If you have a headache, you can get it cured by forwarding half-a-crown, or any larger sum you may like, to the FRANK AIR FUND. It is managed in this way:

The proprietors of "Daily" have promised to forward to each person who sends half-a-crown or more to the F.A.F., a box of "Daily," which is said to cure headache immediately. You can, of course, buy "Daily" for yourself at a lower price, and save a part of your half-crown. But surely, if you get relief on account of this tip, you won't begrudge throwing a little brightness into the life of the poor little slum children!

The offer remains open for one week only, i.e., from Saturday, April 24th, to Saturday, May 1st.

PLASTER CASTS THE LATEST CRAZE.

THE newest idea in some quarters is the collection of plaster casts of the hands. The idea is not likely to have a permanent effect upon the sale of photographs, although perhaps for a little while the craze may add another item to the list of expenses, for people will insist on having reproductions of the hands of their friends, in addition to the inevitable photograph.

When people get engaged they will give as souvenirs to their friends casts of the two hands which are soon to be joined "till death do them part." Much may naturally be learnt by those skilled in palm reading from these casts which would be far more tell tale than photographs.

The maker of plaster casts will no doubt find the fad, while it lasts, a profitable source of income, and we expect to have these casts exhibited, just as photographs are, in the shop windows.

Then their admirers can buy a correct model of the hand of Miss Ellen Terry or Mrs. Patrick Campbell or Miss Ellaline Terriss, or Miss Lottie Collins and of the latest music-hall celebrities, or of the reigning fashionable beauties, just as they can buy a photograph.

In time, no doubt, the gilded youth will ornament his walls with plaster casts of hands, just as he decorates his mantel-piece to-day with the photographs of pretty women. After a while we may expect casts of feet to follow, and the world will become full of Little Billies who are enamoured of the pedal extremities of their particular Trilby.

HAIR AS A TELL-TALE.

"Not very well this morning, sir?" queried the barber, as he cut the P.W.'s hair.

"Much the same as usual."

"Tired, then," he suggested. "Up late last night, perhaps?"

"I certainly was up later than usual—Easter number; but how did you guess it?"

"Your hair told me so," he said. "There is a bit here at the back that sticks across the rest at right angles, and refuses to lie in its place. That means something unusual in your bodily condition. I have a dozen regular customers whose state of health I can gauge as soon as they are seated in my chair and I get a look at their heads. They are gentlemen with fine, sensitive hair, which reflects their bodily condition at once."

"The effect is not the same on all of them, by any means. One gentleman has a small tuft just above his right ear which persists in sticking straight out from his head when he is not quite well, and a very peculiar look it gives him."

"Another, who is proud of his curls, and keeps them rather longer than the average man, finds himself, when his liver is out of order or he has a slight bilious attack, a queer-looking object, with a head of straight, dank 'rats' tails'; while a third, whose hair ordinarily curls very slightly, knows he is a little run down when he finds his head covered with crisp, frizzy little ringlets."

"A fourth customer of mine, who prides himself on the upward, military curve of his moustache, is disgusted when a little out of sorts, because, though the right side remains as usual, the left side persists in hanging straight towards his chin."

"There are a dozen other ways in which the hair indicates the state of health, though it is only close observers who ever notice it."

CLARA: "She is an awfully thoughtful girl."

Tom: "Indeed?"

CLARA: "Yes; she has trimmed her new theatre hat with a pair of opera-glasses for the use of the gentleman who sits behind her."

"How fallacious some of the proverbs are," remarked the sagacious man. "Take, for example, that one about there being nothing new under the sun."

"Is there anything really new?" said his wife.

"Of course there is. Don't you read the papers? Don't these X rays enable you to take a man and see right through him?"

"Yes, William, dear," she answered gently. "But any woman could do that before the X rays were even thought of."

NAVY NOTES.

It is only twenty years ago that the first torpedo-boat was built for the British Navy. Of eighty-five first-Torpedo-boats class boats, seventeen are less than v. Destroyers. ten years old, and average about twenty knots extreme speed. How completely these boats have been superseded by the thirty-knot destroyers may be judged from the fact that for several years no torpedo-boats have been built, and that since 1892 no fewer than ninety torpedo-boat destroyers have been constructed. Destroyers have all the features of a torpedo-boat, and many additional ones. In these new vessels, speed is the first consideration. The wisdom of the policy of building so many of these small crafts has been illustrated during the past few weeks in the East. Of the many war-vessels of the Powers assembled off Crete, the little destroyers have been of most use in maintaining the blockade, because, being faster than any other vessels in the world, they have been able to overhaul any ship that has attempted to elude the blockade. They can be manoeuvred quickly and with ease, and, as they draw only five feet of water, they can go into shallows where no other ship would be safe.

THE international fleet off Crete has also furnished a good illustration of the way in which warships would attack in time of warlike actual war. The Admirals were suspicious one night that the Greeks might attack the fleet with torpedoes, and took precautions accordingly. The British battleships *Revenge* and *Camperdown*, and the cruiser *Scylla*, moved to the side of Suda Bay, making, with the Italian vessels, a long line of ships close to the shore, the middle of the harbour being left clear. Net defences against torpedo attack, such as I have previously described, were then got out by the battleships, all lights in the ships were closed up, the many watertight compartments shut, and men were told off to the guns, with ammunition handy. Thus the men slept at their guns, while the searchlights swept over the bay, far and near, during the night. Two torpedo-boat destroyers, meanwhile, patrolled outside the harbour, and nearer at hand three torpedo-boats passed to and fro across the mouth of the bay—all prepared at a moment's notice to deal death and destruction. As we know, there was no attack, but the precautions were admirable, if only as a drill in the methods of real warfare.

THE Naval Review at Spithead in June will be a sight to be remembered. A greater assembly of warships will then take place than has ever been Jubilee Review. seen. It will be a practical demonstration of the advance of naval construction during the Queen's reign. Nelson's old flagship, the *Victory*, will represent the old Navy of wood and sails. The *Warrior*, the first ironclad built, and the battleship *Inflexible*, and other vessels constructed between 1860 and 1886, will be the connecting links between the old Navy and the new Navy represented by the great ships of the Channel Squadron. The review will be very imposing and will have an additional interest, if, as is believed, the sailor-prince, the Duke of York, who is about to be promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, flies his new flag from the battleship *Benbow*.

BETWEEN 1874 and 1877 there was evidently a fanciful official at the Admiralty, for in those years the last of the "Gem" were built nine small cruisers of the "Gem" class, about the same size—2,120 tons displacement each—all of which were named after precious stones, and these warships have always been known as the "Gem" class. The idea was a very pretty one. As these vessels were built they were christened *Diamond*, *Supphire*, *Amethyst*, *Emerald*, *Garnet*, *Turquoise*, *Tourmaline*, *Opal*, and *Ruby*. They were not at first very successful ships, but when their machinery had been made to work satisfactorily they did good service, though several of them were soon "on the shelf." Now, the last of the class to remain on the list of effective vessels, the *Ruby*, has been disarmed at Sheerness, and so the whole of the "Gem" ships, which cost the country £800,000 to build—less than the cost of a single battleship like the *Majestic*—have passed away. It is hoped that the Admiralty will give these names of gems to some new vessels.

A NET increase of 2,400 seamen and 2,000 stokers which is to be effected during the present year will result in the appointment of 500 more petty officers. This announcement has caused great satisfaction among seamen of the Fleet, for whereas an able seaman gets 1s. 7d. a day pay and a leading seaman 1s. 9d., a man receives 2s. a day when he becomes a second-class petty officer, rising to 3s. 2d. a day after he has served for three years as a chief petty officer. The increase of the personnel of the Fleet will put fresh hope into the hearts of several hundred deserving seamen. During the Queen's long reign wages ashore have increased quite fifty per cent., but the able seamen still receive only 1s. 7d. a day, as they did at the time of the China War, half a century ago. Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that there is never any difficulty in obtaining boys to train as sailors.

NEW AND STRANGE.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of P.W., marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

WEATHER VANCES are now made with ball-bearings.

So long as a chain is used for driving a bicycle, so long will it be necessary to have some means of keeping the links in working order, and one of the best articles for this purpose seems to be the Burnip cycle chain brush. It is in the form of two prongs covered with bristles, which may be easily thrust between the links. It costs a shilling, and may be obtained from cycle dealers.

A NOVEL apparatus has been invented in Chemnitz to register the number of glasses of beer consumed by any party of customers. The apparatus is attached to a table or other place where the customer is supplied, and it can be readily operated to register each glass of beer served, thus obviating disputes which will occasionally arise at present as to the exact quantity consumed.

A NOVEL fire extinguisher has been invented in the shape of a gun with which to shoot out a fire. The gun, the breech of which is of thick metal to resist the strain, has a thin barrel, beside which the blunderbuss sinks into insignificance, and the breech, which is hollow down to the water-proof cartridge, is filled with water, which also fills a portion of the barrel. The water is poured into its chamber by a funnel in the breech, and the gun, which may be mounted or not, is expected to be very serviceable at fires, especially in small towns, as by its use water can be projected accurately to a considerable distance in nearly solid form.

A FOUL-AIR indicator, which is expected to record foul atmosphere as the thermometer does the temperature, has recently been introduced in Zurich, Switzerland. The apparatus consists of a tube filled with a red liquid, below which a cord is hung, tightened by a weight. This liquid has the property of changing its colour when acted upon by impure air. The liquid is allowed to flow along the cord at the rate of one drop every hundred seconds. As the drop runs down the cord it changes colour, becoming white at the end. The exact condition of the air is shown by a scale placed alongside the cord, divided into degrees marked "extremely bad," "very bad," "passable," and "pure."

A NEW field-glass has been invented by a German, which will enable a person to take observations from behind a tree or a wall without exposing himself to view.



that can be seen of the observer behind the tree are the two ends of the field-glass sticking out at either side. For military purposes this sort of thing will be invaluable.

99 BURGLARY CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

THE Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.
Head Offices: 40 to 44, MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.

COUPON COVERING LOSS OF £20
BY BURGLARY OR HOUSEBREAKING.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Householder of any occupied private Dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any goods (other than coins, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £20, provided the current and two previous weeks' issues of Pearson's Weekly with the Coupons signed in ink with the usual signature of the Claimant (such Coupons being so signed prior to the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking taking place), be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous weeks' issue of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. For the purposes of this Coupon an occupied dwelling-house shall be deemed to be a house in which there was, at the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking being committed, at least one person, such person being legally on the premises, and using the premises as his or her ordinary place of abode, or a responsible person placed in charge of the premises by the said Householder. No claim is paid where any member of Householder's family, servants, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon from this paper can be claimed under by any one Householder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

May 1st, 1897.

Signature
(To be written in ink.)

THE MISTAKES WE MAKE.

III.—Some Natural History Fallacies.

COMPILED BY C. E. CLARK.

Member of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association.

As regards the story which claims that scorpions deliberately sting themselves to death, escape from fire, experiments show Why the Scorpion— (1) that the scorpion's poison has no effect upon itself, and (2) that when placed in a test tube, so that the sting cannot be used, and then subjected to a moderate heat (50 deg. C.) it quickly dies. It is a fact that scorpions have been seen to sting themselves in the case of localised irritation, as happens with the use of acids, mustard, etc., and not succeeding in ridding itself of the annoyance by ordinary means, directs its sting upon the point afflicted with the intention, not of killing itself, but rather of destroying the cause of pain; in this case it does not die.

BUT when the solar rays are directed upon it with a lens it raises its tail and tries to remove the cause of —Stings itself. Irritation therewith and probably dies, and is then alleged to have committed suicide, but it has really been killed by the heat to which it was exposed.

THE nautilus is still supposed by some to float on the surface of the sea with concave side of its shell upwards. The Nautilus and that it holds out some of its arms doesn't sail. after the manner of sails to catch the breeze, and direct its course with the remainder by using them as oars. Because Aristotle believed this, poets have ever since repeated the fable; but naturalists know that when the hard-shelled nautilus and the thin-shelled argonaut float through, not on the water, the arms are packed together in a straight line to serve for a rudder while a stream of water underneath drives them along. And when these shell-fish crawl along the bottom the so-called boat is inverted like the shell of a snail.

SHARKS do not follow a ship because a dead body is on board, for they follow ships of which no one is dead. This reminds us that the terrors so bad. of diving have ever been the subject of exaggeration, and not more so than in the vivid and exciting fights so often recounted as between diver and shark. In truth, fish of any kind have seldom been known to attack a diver, and sharks will pass him by unnoticed.

PERHAPS it is unnecessary to state that flying fish have no wings, but there is an idea abroad that they Flying-fish flap their long extended fins to and squirrels. lengthen their leaps through the air. This is wrong. Their fins are motionless from the time they leap from the sea till they drop into it again, and are simply used to sustain them after, to a certain extent, the manner of a parachute. The leaping of the flying-squirrel, which has the skin of the sides very much extended between the fore and hind legs, presents an analogous example.

If you should argue the point whether the whale is a fish or not, remember this, available to your fancy or Whales— not: the whale is not a fish, so far as it differs from its fishy neighbours in breathing as man does, by lungs; in having warm blood, and no scales; in having a four-chambered heart (fishes have two chambers); and particularly in the fact that its young are born alive and nourished with milk.

NOR do they spout water. The supposition that they do so arises from the effect of breathing out the —don't Spout heated air of the lungs and especially Water. from trying to represent such effect in pictures, wherein it always takes the unavoidable form of a glorious fountain. As the whale begins to "blow out" just before approaching the surface of the water, the effort must result in the water just above the nostrils on the top of the head being carried up into the air in the form of a jet; while the heated breath being condensed by sudden exposure to the outer cold, appears in the form of fine spray or vapour. Moreover, the whale's nostrils are guarded against the penetration of water by valvular structures which close when under water.

("Some Literary Mistakes" will continue next week.)

We Will Tell You What You Are.

IN ORDER TO PUT TO THE TEST the abilities of one of the greatest graphologists of the present day place six penny stamps in an envelope and address it to this office together with a specimen of your handwriting on a sheet of unruled paper. A stamped and self-addressed envelope must accompany each letter. If you are sceptical you will be convinced; and if you have faith you will be delighted.

GRAPHOLOGIST, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BUILDING,
Henrietta Street, LONDON, W.C.

—Seven little pennies, sir; the time is getting late.
Will you kindly hurry up, and make the total eight?—

An American Emperor.

THE STORY OF THE FOURTH EMPIRE OF FRANCE.

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of "THE FINAL WAR," "THE SHADOW-IsLAND,"
Etc., etc.

Illustrated by E. S. Hope.

CHAPTER XXXI. (continued.)

FARTHER away from the house, in another part of the grounds, stood Lacontel and Vansittart.

"And now, monsieur," said the maker of colonies to the minister of them, "I think we may here discuss the perils that overhang France in Africa with perfect convenience."

"It is so, monsieur. The point upon which I wish to confer with you is this—"

But the two men never conferred upon the point. Apparently starting out of the darkness of the shrubberies, a commissioner stood before them.

He bowed, and handed to the minister a telegram. Monsieur Lacontel stood beneath the light of a lantern, and held the telegram before his apparently astonished eyes.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is this so?"

He turned to Vansittart.

"Monsieur, I beg you a thousand pardons. It is absolutely essential that I should be at the Colonial Office at this moment. The message here—"

"Pray, do not mention it," said Vansittart. "The Colonies of France are their own excuse. Their Minister, monsieur, is above pardon."

"Yet it is essential that I should speak with you."

"I will accompany you."

"Then you are kindness itself. Or would it be more convenient if you await my return?"

"I am entirely at the disposal of the Minister for the Colonies."

"You are too good. So then let it be. I shall not be twenty minutes, I think. The night, too, is warm and balmy."

"Very good, monsieur. At the end of that time I await you here."

"Here, then," repeated M. Lacontel. "But stop! Where is here?" I declare I do not know at all. We have strolled too far. I have lost myself in M. Ribou's spacious estate. I seriously doubt whether I can find 'here' again."

Vansittart smiled his iron smile.

"There is a staircase," he said, "which leads directly from the central *salon* into the gardens. At the foot of that, let us say, I will await Monsieur le Ministre."

"Good, monsieur—there then. Or, since that spot is likely to be swarming with guests, you might walk up the avenue of poplars which you will find immediately before the staircase, and turning to the left into an avenue of limes, now in blossom, stroll until I come. At that spot we should be perfectly secure."

"I shall not fail to be there, monsieur," said Vansittart, reading keenly every change of expression on Lacontel's face.

"Au revoir, then, monsieur."

"Au revoir, monsieur le Ministre."

They parted, the bearer of the telegram following at Lacontel's hurried heels.

Vansittart opened the door of one of the lanterns, put a cigar to the flame, and began to smoke.

Evelyn was at the end of the avenue of limes, walking leisurely up and down. It was twenty minutes before the time of her tryst with M. Ribou, but she had left the crowded air of the *salon* immediately after her interview with him for the space of the night in the gardens.

Lacontel had spoken truly; the avenue of limes was rich with perfume.

In the centre, the spray of a fountain whispered and murmured, like some

cold white spirit, weaving, in her far-tossed hair of dew, aureoles of the luna rainbow. The roots of the trees were thick with growths of moss. But the middle portion of the broad path was of a grey light soil, half earth, half sand. Here and there were rustic seats. Yonder, not far from the fountain, an octagonal kiosk of varnished twigs occupied half the breadth of the avenue of limes.

The path was utterly lonely. The chirp of a cicada, piping some song of jubilee from its covert of moss, broke the stillness in a harmony with the serenading fountain.

From end to end of the long avenue walked Evelyn, waiting. This was strange news that she had heard. Could it be that into her hands was about to be given the power of saving him from some evil scheme? That would be the crown of her life—to rescue her king from peril! But why had he kept from her so much of late? Was he secretly hatching some new surprise for civilisation? Such thoughts occupied her.

At the end of one of her strolls down the avenue of limes, she entered again the avenue of poplars. A little tired, she sat upon a seat near the angle between the two avenues. Her chin rested on her hands, her elbows on her knees. In this posture she sat for about five minutes, in pensive meditation. A galaxy of lanterns hung just above her head. A longish, crooked twig, fallen from one of the trees, lay at her feet. In her listless mood, she took it up, hardly conscious of the action. She swung it a little in her hand, with the other she wrote a word—still leaning forward in her pensive attitude—in the loose, sandy earth.

The word was "Jerome."

And yonder again the word "Jerome," and yonder again.

She got up presently, and walked back into the avenue of limes. And over and over again, as she went, she stooped a little forward, listlessly, and wrote in the loose, sandy earth.

M. Ribou had hastened up the side-avenue of poplars. Half-way, slowly walking, with their backs towards him, were two persons. They were Honorine de Montpensier and the Comtesse de Fontainebleau.

It was at the suggestion of the Comtesse that they had taken this walk.

Ribou joined them.

"I congratulate you, monsieur," said Honorine, "on the *féérique* glamour of these enchanted grounds. But why have you left this avenue in almost complete darkness?"

"There are minds," said Ribou, "for whom a touch of gloom has more charms than all the bazaars of elfdom, mademoiselle."

"And whither does this path lead?" queried the Comtesse.

"To a side-avenue of limes, madame, at right angles with this. Even from this spot the perfume of their summer luxuriance reaches us. If you will permit me—"

Honorine bowed assent.

"Is there a seat, monsieur?" said the Comtesse. "I begin to grow tired."

"There are many, madame. One especially, to which I shall conduct you, stands in an arbour of vines, and will give you sight and sound of a fountain playing in an adjacent avenue."

As the three sat within this arbour, through the inter-spaces between the trees before them, they saw Evelyn slowly pacing to and fro in the full light. Honorine bit her lip. Upon herself and her companions, as if by mutual consent, silence fell.

The time had come for the appearance of M. Ribou. Evelyn glanced at her watch. She stopped her walk, and stood, waiting.

Honorine's heart beat fast. She divined that Evelyn Harland was here for a purpose. But what? An instinct, a pre-aging voice, whispered to her the name of Vansittart. Was it an assassination? At that moment she thought of Prince Henri with a thrill of passion, and of Vansittart with a pang of jealousy.

Vansittart, at this time, had entered the avenue of poplars. He sauntered to the end, with wary eyes. He sat upon the seat, which Evelyn had just left.

He touched with his hand the weapon in his pocket.

Some plot was brewing, he thought. And he remembered de Tournon's attempt upon him in the woods. Now he was in the middle of Paris. Yet this was a spot as lonely as the depths of the wood. A sudden outburst of brigands upon him would not have surprised him in the least. But this time he was prepared.

The danger which threatened him, had he guessed it, was a thousand times more subtle, more terrible to withstand, and more tremendous to overcome than the crude violence of de Tournon's ruffians in the forest. Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

He was not even perfectly sure of the existence of a plot against him, though he was almost sure. His purpose in coming here at the bidding of those whom he knew to be his enemies was definitely to ascertain that there was a plot, and what it was. Then the thunderbolts of his vengeance would not be slow.

He sat, leaning forward, waiting, smiling. He touched the weapon in his pocket. Presently, his eyes falling upon the ground, he saw his name written in the sand.

"Jerome."

He sprang up, peering. There it was again: "Jerome."

And yonder. And then, following the track: "Evelyn."

The word "God!" heaved on a pant from his chest. She had been here. He knew—his heart knew—who had written the words.

He had had no idea that she was at the reception that night at all! In a moment he forgot all about the suspected plot, about Ribou, and Lacontel, and the world. Evelyn had unconsciously added a thousand aids to the designs of his enemies. The scribbled letters had set his blood aflame. He must see her! To-night!

He started at a rapid walk back towards the house; but stopped, and turned again. She might be there—in the other avenue, near him! He went to look, peering again at the marks in the sand.

As he strode into the avenue of limes the three watchers in the vine-arbour saw him. Honorine's teeth met with a snap.

Evelyn was hidden from him by the summer-house near the fountain. She heard his steps, and thought they were those of M. Ribou.

He was quite new to her before he saw her. They stood face to face. Vansittart's visage was as white and tense and stern as the face of a dead man.

"You, Mr. Vansittart!" cried Evelyn.

It was lucky that she spoke first. Her common-place surprise brought him back a little to the every-day world.

"You are alone?" his voice was somewhat husky.

"I—I was waiting here for Monsieur Ribou—on a matter of some importance," she blurted out, with English-girl candour.

Honorine, in the arbour, glanced at Ribou in perplexed surprise.

"I am sorry if I intrude," said Vansittart, with perfectly cold collectedness.

A whole revolution had been wrought in him by one sublime, intense effort of his mighty will. At the name of Ribou, the entire scheme of villainy lay open to his keen eye; and the struggle was over.

"Do I intrude?" he said.

"No, you do not intrude," said Evelyn, "only your apparition was sudden."

"May I take you back to the house?"

"I think I will wait for Monsieur Ribou, thank you."

Again Honorine glanced at Ribou.

"I am afraid Monsieur Ribou will not keep his appointment," said Vansittart, smiling.

"No? But why?"

"I fancy he is detained."

"Still, I'd rather stay here for the present."

"Then good-night."

At that moment, Honorine stood with them. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed.

She held out her hand to Evelyn.

"Miss Harland—will you—will you forgive me?"

Evelyn took her hand, saying at the same time:

"What for? How strange—"

Honorine turned to Vansittart, with extended arm:

"Mr. Vansittart—though I should have known you better—I have been guilty of an injustice towards you. Will you forgive me?"

"The injustice," said Vansittart, "whatever it was, was forgiven before its commission."

"Will you take me back to the house?"

Vansittart walked with her to the foot of the staircase, and then turned aside to an alley where Arizona Jim, in the dress of a commissioner, awaited him.

He took from a waistcoat pocket a paper marked with two crosses, and handed it to his faithful follower.

"For M. Mercier," he said.

CHAPTER XXXII. A MINISTERIAL PANIC.

MM. RIBOU AND LACONTEL had fallen. And with such suddenness, completeness, and ease, that the result had almost the look of magic.

As the political prophets had foretold, there was an *éclat*. But it was of no real importance. It occurred on the day following the night on which Vansittart had sent the two crosses on a sheet of paper to Mercier. The next morning a few windows of inoffensive people were broken; three butcher shops rifled; a gun shop stripped; and one man, who had opposed the rioters, shot dead. That was all.

This was the Socialist beginning. But the affair did not end with the Socialists. It ended with MM. Ribou and Lacontel.

About noon the feeling of excitement had spread through the whole body of the people. The rumour had got abroad that the acclamation of the Royalists at the Socialist meetings had been due to the bribes of the two ministers. Everyone knew of the fact of these acclamations. And it was here that the skill of Vansittart was magnificently displayed; for it was with the deliberate intention that everyone should know of them that he had caused the acclamations to take place at all the meetings—Ribou's idea, in the first instance, being that they should occur at no more than three.

As the day wore on the storm darkened. It was incredible, this crime, the people cried. It was monstrous; it was the betrayal of France; it was a cowardly blow at their idol, Vansittart! The papers were full of it. By evening the Chamber of Deputies had caught the contagion of denunciation; at ten o'clock the swarming streets were howling with anathemas. The next morning MM. Ribou and Lacontel were politicians of the past.

They had vanished like mist at the breath of the empire-builder.

It was not at the desire of their fellow ministers that this thing had happened. The other members of the Government knew full well that the heads of the Interior and Colonial offices were only using Prince Henri of Navarre as a pawn in the terrible game against the man who was overshadowing all others.

But they could not withstand the storm that had burst upon their unfortunate colleagues. Lacontel and Ribou were to be thrown to the wolves to save the entire Cabinet from being devoured. Portfolios are sweet to those who may still hold them, so the hapless pair were sacrificed to the clamour.

And the worst part of the business was that Vansittart's position had been immensely strengthened by the incident.

In denouncing the ministers, both press and public were



practically unanimous in disclaiming any inherent dislike on their part to one another.

"Why did these puppets resurrect a long-forgotten Prince?" said the JOURNAL DES DEBATS. "Had they plotted to place upon the throne a man who had reconstituted France, many would approve their action, whilst the staunchest Republican could at least understand their zeal. But this young gentleman from Navarre! The project would be laughable were it not criminal."



These were dangerous words. They meant much more than they openly expressed, and they were taken to heart by none more than the remaining occupants of the ministerial posts.

Premier and subordinates alike conferred themselves powerless to decide what step to take next.

They did not even trust their own judgment as to the selection of new holders of the vacant portfolios, and whilst in this state of

dubious they received an urgent summons to attend a special meeting at the Palais de l'Elysee, convened by the President.

"Gentlemen," said the head of the French Republic, when the responsible officers of State had gathered in ready obedience to his mandate, "I have, in discharge of my solemn trust, called you together on this occasion to take your counsel upon the highly significant events of recent days. A stranger, a man of wealth before whom other millionaires are paupers, has honoured France with his residence and devoted labours."

"I am unable, even had I the desire, to underrate the services rendered to France by Mr. Vansittart. He has created for us a magnificent colony; his enterprise has restored our stricken manufactures; France again stands in the eyes of the world, wholly through his influence, as the pioneer of commercial and industrial progress at the dawn of a new century."

"Precisely because I do not exaggerate in thus recounting his deeds are we called upon to face a real and active danger to the Republic."

"Some of us have long foreseen that behind Mr. Vansittart's undoubtedly beneficent work lay an ulterior motive. Even yet I cannot say precisely what that motive may be. It is preposterous to think he would seek to make himself Emperor of the French, but, candidly speaking, I see no other solution of the plans which he has laid with such singular skill."

"Those of your colleagues who ventured to cross his path or strove to defeat his masterful purposes were swept aside with the vigour of a Napoleon and the finesse of a Mazarin. Unhappily the actions of these ministers could not, by the kindest interpreter, be called patriotic. They were venal and corrupt; their authors deserved to be cast into the outer darkness; for them there can be no palliation."

"But the astounding fact remains—it was because they opposed Mr. Vansittart that their fall became more speedy and disastrous. De Tournon, Ribou, Lacontel, not to mention a host of deputies who have been forced to leave the Chamber by the pressure of their constituents owing to publicly expressed sentiments of hostility to his schemes—these are the outward and visible signs of the man's appalling power."

"For my own part, I am amazed and alarmed at the extent of his influence. The army, the navy, the public services, the great mass of the electorate seem to be beneath his sway. In my own family circle I am met with frequent allusions to one whom they flippantly, but with obvious relish, term the 'Emperor.' In this very council of ministers he may have his adherents—"

Here the President was for the first time interrupted by remonstrances, angrily earnest.

"Well, let it pass. I know not, nor care. My duty is plain before me. As head of the Republic, I emphatically state my unalterable conviction. Vansittart must be crushed at once, and with the utmost firmness."

Whatever be the real intention behind his acts, whether they relate to Prince Henri of Navarre, or to Made-moiselle de Montpensier, whom we have most unwisely allowed to be domiciled in France under Mr. Vansittart's roof, we must, if we would save our country from a revolution, place him outside our shores."

"Is that all?" cried the Minister for War, in disappointed tones.

He expected that the President would have suggested a trial by drum-head court-martial and a summary execution of the offender.

"All! What more would you have? Do you contemplate restraint or punishment? Even if we could prove any overt deed, which I greatly doubt, are we prepared to face an enraged people, clamouring for the liberation of their hero? Pooh! Our lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. We merely strengthen his power by our folly. Even as it is, by adopting the wisest and least exciting course, we run grave risk."

"What then, do you propose?" It was the Premier who spoke.

"Nav," said the President. "Let us advance with circumspection. First, has Mr. Vansittart any well known and powerful supporter?"

"Liancourt!" cried several in a breath.

"Is that possible? Can you give proof of this? Liancourt is surely a disinterested patriot, if ever one lived. I will be glad to doubt myself if I am asked to doubt him."

No one answered. The President was clearly in a mood to deal only with facts, not speculations.

"Anyone else?" after a pause.

"Folliet, ex-Prefect of Police," replied the Minister for War.

"Ah, a clever man, who, if I remember rightly, was improperly removed from his post by de Tournon. Let him be restored. We can doubtless find a better-paid appointment for the present occupant."

The ministers gazed at each other. This, then, was the President's *modus operandi*.

"It is a good proposal," commented the Premier. "You detach Vansittart's adherents before you deal with him personally. But what is your final—?"

"Pardon, monsieur. Let me appeal for orderly progression. From the new basis of accomplished fact we can so much more easily regard the end in view. Now, as to Liancourt. Is it not time he was in the Ministry?"

Again the assembled company sought external comfort from the collective brain. Liancourt, as an unattached politician, might be dangerous. As a member of the Government, his known reputation for personal honour would certainly dissociate him from a plot against the Republic. If he accepted the proffered portfolio, he was free from taint. If he refused, they knew what to think and whom to fear.

"Excellent!" came the general response.

"The Interior is in bad odour just now," said the Premier with a grim smile. "It will be a pleasant task for Liancourt to revive its former traditions."

Another name, that of a leader of a small party of Opportunists, who had been troublesome of late in the Chamber, was submitted and approved of for the Colonial office, and the Premier at once wrote the three letters of invitation.

Ministers separated with lighter hearts. The President clearly had a head on his shoulders. He would save the Republic—and their portfolios.

Within the hour Liancourt and Folliet had each received his appointment.

The first thought of both men was to hurry off to consult with Vansittart, but their methods of viewing the situation were different.

Liancourt smiled. "My friend will at last be compelled to take me wholly into his confidence," he reflected, as he buttoned his gloves. "I shall be glad to be with him in every sense, and I do not think he will even suggest that I should act dishonourably by conspiring in his favour whilst remaining a member of the very government he seeks to overthrow."

Folliet groaned, for he, too, had his ambitions. "I would like the post," he thought, "if only to show my enemies that I can survive. But it is impossible. I will never desert the cause of my rescuer, Vansittart, whatever it be."

Yet they were both mistaken.

Folliet was the first to reach the Grand Hotel. He was at once shown into Jerome's library, and without a word of explanation, he handed the Premier's letter to the millionaire.

Vansittart read it calmly.

"Let me congratulate you upon this long delayed reward," he said.

"No," cried the other. "It is no reward; it is treachery. It is a move to detach me from your service. I scorn the proposal."

"True, such is the idea of the giver. But that is only a part of the transaction. When you clinch the bargain you make your own terms."

"What do you mean?" Folliet was a magnificent detective but a poor diplomatist.

"I mean," said Jerome, speaking with the emphasis of conviction, "that much as I value the splendid work you have done for me in your private capacity, its importance is secondary compared with the assistance you may be able to render me as Prefect of Police."

"That settles it, monsieur," cried Folliet, jamming his hat down over his eyes. "I accept the post forthwith; but it is absolutely a compact between us that I do so wholly and solely in your interests."

Liancourt was the next.

"There is a climax at hand," were his opening words.

"So I understand," said the millionaire, turning to light a cigar.

"How so? You surely cannot yet know the object of my visit?"

"I may be wrong, but when my enemies offer Folliet, my chosen protector, the Prefecture, it needs but average wit to guess that a dramatic move against me will shortly be made elsewhere."

"Ah! Your news confirms my own suspicions. Read this," and he passed over the second letter from the Premier that Vansittart had perused inside of ten minutes.

The American did not speak for a little while after he had returned the document.

He gazed into space, as was his habit when thinking deeply.

"This time," he said at last, "it will be a fight to a finish. Individual opponents gave me but passing trouble. I wonder how I will fare when matched against the Government?"

With a bitter smile he contemplated the chances of the struggle. His intellect revelled in the prospect of approaching combat, but his heart was careless of its issue.

Liancourt watched him closely, even anxiously. Vansittart's character was now well known to him, and he had noted with distress that the erstwhile infectious buoyancy of his friend's spirits had deserted him.

In the old days the fascinating glamour of romantic enthusiasm beclouded with his most clear-sighted and far-reaching words or acts. But now, for some time past, as he was called a distant visionary and a dreamer, he was actually invulnerable mathematician and a set man. Ah! Lin.

"You accept, of course," Jerome went on questioningly.

"Perhaps. It depends wholly upon your decision."

"On my decision! What can I have to say on the subject? I have long thought that it was your place to lead, not to criticize."

"My dear Vansittart"—and Liancourt spoke with real emotion—"things have now reached the point where our lives run together or deviate. Out of consideration for myself, if you have hitherto refused to make me a partner in your projects, however accurately I may have surmised their nature, your motive does you credit. It is the delicacy of an honourable man. But it no longer does so. If I refuse this proffered I shall be bracketed with you, and you will not, I am sure, wish me to fight your cause blindfold. If I accept, not even the elasticity of the diplomatic conscience will permit me to serve a Government whilst I aid you to overthrow it."

Jerome stood up. His first physical motion was in a ready typical of the mental resolve to throw off difficulties as they presented themselves. If he lost Liancourt he lost the assistance of a keen intellect, which was specially equipped to cope with the vagaries of French nature, whether political or social. Yet how retain him? He, Vansittart, might fail lamentably and disastrously. Had he any right to involve this noble-minded and gifted politician in his possible ruin? The question had only one answer.

"It is hard," he said, "to say 'good-bye' to such a friend as you. I shall miss you terribly."

But there is no other way. You must join the Government."

"What? You cast me off? Am I then so weak that my alliance is despised?" Liancourt, for the first time in his relations with Vansittart, showed that he had a temper.

"No. Surely you do not misunderstand me. The task I have undertaken cannot be delegated. I must stand alone at the close."

Another week, perhaps a day, may determine my fate. As a member of the Government you cannot, if you would, enter into my schemes, but it is at least better for me that a passive friend rather than an active enemy should occupy the Office of the Interior."

"I would sooner stand at your side in this affair," said Liancourt, convinced, but disappointed.

"And I would prefer to have you as my gaoler than my fellow-prisoner."

"If these are the alternatives I willingly choose the latter."

"But if there be a third?"

"And that is—?"

"I may ask you to be my fellow-minister. All things happen in France, you know. But I do appeal to you not to advise the gentlemen who wish to secure your services. I think I can vanquish them single-handed. If you join them in mind as well as in body I shall begin to doubt."

Liancourt laughed. "If there were no other cause," he said, "if my friendship for you were so easily disposed I still have my self-love. The Premier and his colleagues will not have my aid to extricate themselves from their swamp. I will browse complacently on the high lands of art. You forget that the Minister of the Interior is also the official patron of culture."

When the Frenchman had left him Vansittart set to work to destroy all documents and memoranda in his library likely to compromise others, as he might expect a domiciliary visit at any moment.

Whilst he was thus engaged he received a note from General Daubisson. It ran:

"In accordance with your wishes, I have effected the exchange of 50,000 fresh troops from Châlons, Lyons and Paris, with a similar number stationed in the Balkans. The movement is practically completed. Most of your old comrades are now in the Emperor's garrison. I the wind, and say 'The army is with you.'"

"We shall see," murmured Jerome. "It shall soon be tested."

His precautionary measures ended at the Grand Hotel. He set out, with some degree of ostentation, for St. Cloud.

(To be continued.)

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

ARE YOU READING, OR HAVE YOU READ, MR. H. G.

WELLS'
WONDERFUL SERIAL. THE
WAR OF THE
WORLDS.

The story of the invasion of the Earth by the inhabitants of Mars will prove the sensation of the day. Have you bought the April Number of *Pearson's Magazine* in which the first instalment of this magnificent story appears?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Next week we shall have something important to say about our new paper, "GIRLS."

—Nine little pennies, sir—that won't be far wrong;
'Twill buy a slum child happiness—so now we shan't be long.—

TOO HARD TO SAY.

A WELL-DRESSED man entered a florist's shop, threw down a sovereign, and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He was quite unsteady, evidently tapping off a spree, and the flowers apparently were intended as a domestic peace offering.

The florist picked out a dozen chrysanthemums, and the caller started to leave. At the door he hesitated.

"I say," he said thickly, "watch these flowerh called?"

"Chrysanthemums."

The customer shook his head.

"Gutter have somethin' easier," he said; "gimme a dozen pinks."

BUT THE COW MOVED.

AN Irish labourer who was somewhat new to his work was ploughing one day, and the furrows being uneven, the farmer told him to look at something at the other end of the field as a guide.

"That cow by the gate," said he, "is right opposite us. Now work straight for her."

"Right you are, sorr," said Pat.

Coming back later on, the farmer was horrified to find that the plough had been travelling zigzag all over the field.

"How is this?" said he. "What have you been doing?"

"Shure, sorr," was Pat's reply. "I did what you told me. I worked roight straight for the cow; but the craythur didn't kape still!"

PROVING HIS IDENTITY.

SIGNOR ARDITI, the famous operatic conductor, says that thousands of people are familiar with the appearance of the back of his head and shoulders who yet would not recognise him by a front view. In illustration he relates the following amusing incident:

"I had a cheque from Mapleson," he says, "and being anxious to cash it, I drove over one afternoon, just before closing time, to the bank where it was made payable. When presenting the cheque, the clerk asked me if I had brought anyone who could identify me. I laughed and said:

"Don't you know me? I am Signor Arditi."

"The man still appeared to be uncertain as to my identity, when a happy thought occurred to me. I asked:

"Do you ever go to the opera?"

"Yes; often," replied the clerk.

"Then I turned my back and raised my hat, disclosing my bald head.

"Do you know me now?" I urged.

"A grin spread over his countenance, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, yes. Now I know that you are Signor Arditi. It's all right. Here's the money."

TENDER AND TRUE.

I.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS VERE DE VERE gazed upon the sweet face of Geraldine de Montmorency and sighed once, twice, thrice. At last his trembling lips parted, and he spoke:

"And is your decision final?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, in cold, cruel tones, "I have not spoken hastily. I have weighed the matter well. We must henceforth be strangers."

With a wild, hunted look in his eyes, the young man rushed out into the cold, unsympathetic night, and the door closed for ever upon their happiness.

II.

Geraldine de Montmorency, the only daughter of the proud millionaire, sat with downcast eyes and clasped hands, and permitted her thoughts to run riot. She was surrounded by all the luxury that wealth could provide, and yet she was not happy.

Ah, see! Two tears tremble upon her long, dark lashes, and her beautifully rounded chin quivers. But hark! There is a knock upon the front door.

Joy! Joy! She recognises the signal of George Augustus Vere de Vere, and flies to admit him.

For a moment the beautiful pair stood facing each other. The light was turned low in the hall, else he might have seen that her great brown eyes were moist, and that a wistful look overspread her lovely features.

He stood with his hand upon the door knob for a moment, as if hesitating, and the tender maiden waited breathlessly for the words that were to undo all that had just been done, and again filled her breast with joy.

At last he spoke, saying:

"Excuse me, but I forgot my umbrella."

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the tramcar, rising and lifting his hat.

"No, thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm, "I've been skating at the Ice Palace, and I'm tired of sitting down."

S. D.

PORCELAIN coins were for a long time current in Siam.

THE London people are computed to spend £1,200,000 daily.

A SILVER coin is usually in currency for twenty-seven years.

THE wealth of London grows by twenty millions every year.

£50,000 worth of gold is added to the world's stock every week.

THE notes of the Bank of England cost about one halfpenny each.

ONLY 37 per cent. of the sovereigns in currency are of the proper weight.

FOUR million pounds' worth of bank-notes leave the Bank of England daily.

STANDARD gold contains eleven-twelfths of fine metal and one-twelfth of alloy.

LEATHER money circulated in Russia so recently as the time of Peter the Great.

THE figure of Britannia first appeared on the copper coins three hundred years ago.

IT is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands eleven times a week.

AT the last census a number of people described their religious faith on their census papers as 's. d.'

THE amount of gold actually in circulation in this country is estimated to be £119,000,000 sterling, or about 665 tons.

THE present bronze coinage (penny, halfpenny, and farthing) is composed of ninety-five parts of copper, four of tin, and one of zinc.

ON every shilling turned out, the Mint makes a profit of nearly threepence. On every ton of pennies produced there is a profit of over three hundred pounds.

THE largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot of Annam, a fat, round piece, worth about 265, the value being written across it in Indian ink.

THE head of Liberty, which adorns the silver dollar issued by the United States Mint, is a reproduction of the features of a beautiful young school-teacher of Philadelphia.

IN Fiji, the coinage consists chiefly of whale's teeth, the one of greater value being dyed red. The natives exchange twenty white teeth for one red one, as we change shillings for a sovereign.

THE secret marks on Bank of England notes, by which forgeries are so rapidly detected, are constantly being changed. The microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

SOVEREIGNS were first issued about 1489, when they were worth the twenty-fourth part of lb. of gold. In 1542 they were worth 30s. a piece. In 1550 they were worth 25s., in 1817 they came down to 25s., the value at which they have since remained.

THE stock of Bank of England notes which are paid in five years fills 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach over two miles. If the notes themselves were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five miles. They weigh ninety tons and represent 1,750 millions sterling.

YOU must carry a purse deep and capacious if you have any idea of travelling in China. For a start, if you exchange two English half-crowns for their equivalent in the money of the Celestial Empire, you ought to receive some twelve hundred brass coins, of various weights and sizes, every one pierced with a square hole in the centre, and strung on a string.

COPPER money wears away rapidly. In a hundred years, £100 worth of pence would only be worth about £20, while the same amount of sovereigns would only lose 33 per cent. of their original value. £100 worth of shillings, on the other hand, would be worn to the extent of some 1.37. The loss is the value of the coin, the greater its wear and tear, a penny circulating at least 250 times as rapidly as a sovereign.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, the BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING INSURANCE, and also of the COMBINED CYCLING AND FOOTBALL INSURANCE has been paid up to April 30th, 1897, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accidents to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 679, against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 680, and against Fatal Football or Cycling Accidents under the conditions named in the coupon on page 684.

General
Manager for
the Ocean
Accident and
Insurance
Corporation
Ltd.

Rich. S. Faull

TO MOW THE CARPET.

MRS. BRICKTOP (bursting with pride): "How d'ye like my new carpet, Mrs. Crossye?"

Mrs. Crossye (bursting with envy): "It's er—very nice indeed, Mrs. Bricktop, for—for Bressie's—er—way, I nearly forgot what I came for. I wish you would lend me your lawn-mower for a few minutes."

Mrs. Bricktop: "Lawn-mower? Why, er—dilly. But what on earth can you want with a lawn-mower at this time of the year?"

Mrs. Crossye: "I wish to thin down our Turkey carpet in the nursery a little, the children are always losing their marbles in it."

MONEY IN THAT.

"It was a difficult matter to make up my mind which to accept," said the girl with a practical mind.

"I understand that both are very bright."

"Yes. They're inventors."

"There is something noble in that profession. I cannot think without the profoundest admiration of those men who harness the giant forces of Nature to do the bidding of the human will."

"Yes. That sentiment applies to William. He's at work on a flying machine and a new kind of electric engine. But one can't buy moquette carpets and dining-room chairs with fine theories, you know."

"Aren't you going to marry William?"

"No. I accepted John. He's going to be a rich man. He has an invention under way for fastening on trousers buttons so they can't come off."

THE POLES WERE BURIED.

JOHN HAYWARD was visiting the Metropolis for the first time.

"What do you think of London?" asked his City nephew.

"Well," replied the old man, "it's a mighty big place, but it don't seem like a city. I hain't seen a telegraph pole in the whole town."

"The wires are underground."

"Underground?"

"Yes—in conduits."

"Conduits? What's them?"

"Subterranean passages."

Old John was thoughtful.

"Well," he said, "they must be mighty deep to take in them tall poles."

HAVE YOU SEEN A BROKEN HEART?

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said the attorney for the man who had been sued for a breach of promise, "my learned brother who represents the fair plaintiff in the case is trying to work upon your sympathies, and to do it he has gone upon your facts. He has talked at length about his client's broken heart, in spite of the fact that no evidence has been introduced to show that her heart is broken, or ever has been broken."

Sensation on the other side.

"Gentlemen," continued the lawyer impressively, after a pause, "I don't believe her heart is broken, and although on such short notice I am unable to produce any evidence of its exact condition, I think I can convince you that I am right. Do you suppose that my learned brother would have let a matter that would affect so seriously the case stand upon a mere statement if the heart was really broken? You know that he would not. That might have been proved side by side with the days of the X rays, but it is not now. If her heart be broken, why does he not produce a photograph of it, and prove his statement? Gentlemen, he dare not! He knows that the cathode rays would show a healthy and sound heart."

And the jury gave a verdict for the young man without leaving their seats.

MISTRESS (arranging for the dinner): "Didn't the grocer send the macaroni?"

COOK: "Yes, mum; but Ol's sent it back. Every van of them stims was empty."

"HAVE you thanked your uncle for your nice new pocket-knife, Willie?"

"Not yet, mother; but I dare say I shall. I'm waitin' to see if the blades is good steel."

GRANDFATHER: "Well, Paul, what would you like for a birthday present?"

PAUL: "Oh, grandfather, buy me a telephone, so that I can answer the master's questions without having to go to school."

A.: "Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?"

B.: "Yes! I counted up to 18,000."

A.: "And then you fell asleep?"

B.: "No; then it was time to get up."

THE DANGER OF VEILS.

A LONG time ago our oculists pointed out that serious inconvenience and no less danger to the sight were produced through the fashion of our women wearing veils. Fashion ignored, as is her wont, the warnings of the high priests of Hygeia, and pursued the even tenor of her way, even though veils were put under the ban of the specialist with corsets, long skirts, and high-heeled boots.

The parable of the veil has now been taken up by a specialist who has made a study of the subject, and has formulated the results of his experiments in the five following propositions:

(1) Every description of veil affects more or less the ability to see distinctly both at a distance or near at hand.

(2) The most objectionable kind is the dotted veil, although the influence of this variety for evil is more marked in some samples than in others.

(3) Other things being equal, in undotted and non-figured veils vision is interfered with in direct proportion to the number of meshes to the square inch.

(4) The texture of the veil plays an important part in the amount and kind of eye strain produced by the veil. When the sides of the mesh are single compact threads, the eye is embarrassed very much less in its effort to distinguish objects than when double threads are employed.

(5) The least objectionable veil is that without dots, sprays, or other figures, but with large regular meshes made with single compact threads.

As may be naturally supposed, eyes which are not strong are more affected than others, just as weak organs of any sort will be affected by conditions which leave strong ones uninjured.

Why our women should seek to hide their faces under these nets is a mystery to most people, except the milliners who sell the articles in question, and who only seek to stimulate in every possible way their popularity by constantly changing the fashion and by the use of that potent word "complexion."

The habit no doubt lingers from the time it was the correct thing for woman to hide her face from every man except him whom, in the days long since passed away, she called "her lord and master," and whom she now regards as a slave, if she does not, in her newest type, consider him as a mat on which to wipe her pretty little feet.

The custom of wearing veils still prevails in Turkey and Mohammedan countries generally, where the "yashmak," which entirely conceals the face, and is pierced by two holes through which the wearer may look, is an opaque veil which still retains its original use.

SEXTON (from the vestry room): "Dr. Blank—Dr. Blank! The church is on fire!"

Dr. Blank (from the pulpit): "Very well, William; I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation."

HE: "What a daring bicyclist that Miss Dashley must be. I hear that when out riding the other day she went right over a cow lying in the road."

"Yes, Miss Dashley went over, but the bicycle remained on the other side."

FIRST LADY: "I saw your husband meet you in the street the other day, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admired him for it; very few men do that."

Second Lady: "I remember; I told him in the morning that he must have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed orders."

THE child was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put his eyes out, and he never could see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently, and said, when she finished: "What was the matter with his other eye?"

A THREE DAYS' JAUNT

To PARIS for - - - - - 22 12s. 6d.
To BRUSSELS and WATERLOO for - 22 0s. 0d.
Including One Admission Ticket to the Brussels Exhibition.

THE great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer months of last year have led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the coming summer. Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling *c/o* Newham and Hippo to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning. Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and including the necessary amount in postal orders.

ANOTHER ITINERARY.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Start from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels, and will be given one admission ticket to the Exhibition. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and including £2 in postal orders.

WHY CYCLING CAUSES MADNESS.

INSANITY is increasing at an alarming rate. Already the public are viewing the statistics, and inquiring anxiously of the authorities the why and wherefore of this deplorable state of affairs. The cause has already dawned on those who specialise in this fell disease. There is no good without its attendant evil. The cycling fever is an example, for it has unquestionably brought many new and insidious forms of madness in its train.

Not that it is suggested the cyclist must necessarily contract lunacy, but there are grave and unseen dangers, and it is imperative that those who wheel should be placed on their guard.

The disease has been playing havoc in the ranks of the well-to-do classes, principally for the reason that, having been unused to excessive exertion, they fell easy victims to the loss of vitality and nervous force induced by wheeling.

The mental strain of balancing the ubiquitous "bike" is one cause, the jolting of the spine engendered by rough road-riding on a hard pillar saddle is another.

Few but brain specialists appreciate the fearful mental tension produced by the suppositiously unconscious act of balancing. This applies with equal force in the case of the rider of years' experience. Imagine the perpetual swaying of the brain lobes in the head during the process and the result will be readily understood. If you tie an apple on a string and swing it in a box it will get bruised.

No wonder so many lady learners complain of severe headaches and mental debilitation.

As for the jolting, the accompaniment of all rides on rough roads, the vital connection 'twixt brain and spine is too well known to need a lengthy dissertation on its subsequent effects on the mental system.

I have come in contact with some queer results of mental affections directly resulting from injudicious wheeling during the past few months. A well-known City man visited a brain specialist a few weeks ago. He was apparently in the best of health, but complained of a sort of paralysis of the right side. To use his own words: "He felt a strange weakness on his side, a feeling as though he were impelled to lean over." Whether writing, walking, or reclining, this human Tower of Pisa experienced the same sensation. The right side of his head seemed to form a semicircle with an irresistible forward impulse.

"Cycle?" asked the specialist who knew the symptoms. "Round a public garden, or something circular, eh? Ah, I thought so. Well, it's a good thing you looked me up. Put your machine away; walk for a few days, and when you feel fit for riding again, take the straight road. If you keep round that garden, you will get what I might call cyclecircle mania, and there's more of it about than you might suppose."

"Traffic riding spells ruin to the mental organ. The strain of riding in crowded thoroughfares with all the attendant risks of side-slips under horse-hoofs and similar dangers is no light matter. Those who experience that sensation of utter swimming weakness which sets in after a trying trip of this kind may be interested when they are told their symptoms are those of incipient lunacy. It is folly of the most egregious description to ride in the crowded streets of London as many people do.

Milestone madness I have come across more than once. It is the natural result of scorching on a weak constitution. It obtains a hold on the brain before the unhappy victim realises his peril. Those scorchers who see a milestone in every lamp-post, who, as they walk along the pavement, calculate the length of time it would take them to ride from one flagstone to another, are suffering from the malady in its acute form.

To think of business while wheeling is a fruitful source of mental strain. I have known numbers of people who negatived any advantage they might have derived from a quiet spin by excessive anxiety lest they should get a puncture.

I met with a man some time since whose one idea whilst wheeling was to hear his cyclometer tick off the miles. In time his brain became a belfry of tinkling bells. In his office, his home, and at his club, the perpetual ting rang with the maddening distinctness of the so-called death-watch to the superstitions, till he was compelled to undergo treatment.

Faddism, too, is largely on the increase through cycling. A friend of mine, of a naturally fussy turn of mind, became so faddy as to the spotlessness of his machine that he developed a habit of flicking every conceivable object with his handkerchief, from a doorknob to the wheel of a hansom cab, in a mad desire to secure its perfect cleanliness.

It was a form of madness. A habit likely to sap the brain and extend itself in many other directions.

People may say these are alarmist statements. Any way they are true. It is also a fact that at least three suicides have occurred this year through cyclomania in some form or other. Facts are unpleasant things, nevertheless they must be looked in the face, and not viewed edgewise.

There is no sport like cycling, pursued rationally, and so many articles have been written on its purely physical dangers that they are fairly well known. But its mental risks are of a far more important character, and they should be taken to heart and carefully considered.

ACCORDING TO THEIR DUE.

AMONG all people, even the most barbarous, what is meritorious from their standpoint, is bound to get its due.

It was in the arid plains of Asia. The noble Sheikh, Dhanmeg Yute, was presented with an antique book of wisdom compiled by some old forgotten philosopher. He read it carefully, but the more he tried to penetrate its hidden meanings the more he became confused. At last in despair, he resolved to send for his three chief interpreters, in order, if possible, to arrive at some inkling of the truth.

The gifted trio came post haste into their master's tent and tried to look, as is customary in such cases, a good deal wiser than they felt.

"Here is an ancient volume of wisdom," remarked Dhanmeg, handing the eldest the mystic book, "I cannot understand it. Tell me plainly, candidly, openly, what is the reason I am unable to comprehend it?"

"Your Highness," began the wisacre whose right it was by seniority to address him, "you certainly can understand it better than we. As compared with you in such matters, we are fools, indeed!"

The Sheikh's brow darkened, and he gave command that the eldest interpreter should be strung up on a scaffold made of the commonest unhewn wood.

"Such your deserving," he said.

"Most noble Dhanmeg," was the second scholar's opening, "you do not understand the book because it is altogether too dumb and stupid for your mighty intellect."

Once more the hue of the storm-cloud crossed the chieftain's face, and he bade his satellites hang the second sage, beside his companion, on the same scaffold of degradation.

"Most illustrious Dhanmeg," commenced the youthful Whi Talli, the youngest of the three, who was famous for his love of truth, "you didn't understand the book of wisdom because you haven't got sense enough to go in when it rains."

"Whi Talli," cried the great Dhanmeg Yute, enthusiastically, "your gall is certainly phenomenal, and to show you that I am not without appreciation of your merits in this respect, you shall have the pleasure of dying on a gallows of the best polished rosewood and finest workmanship to be found in my domains. Away with him."

And thus virtue may be ever sure of its reward, such as it is.

"NUPKINS is an eloquent fellow. I heard him bring down the house last evening."

"How was that?"

"He succeeded in persuading his landlord to reduce the rent."

ONE of the most original of juvenile inventions was that of little Fanny, who, instead of saying her prayers at night, spread out her alphabet on the bed, and, raising her eyes, said:

"Oh, Lord, here are the letters, arrange them to suit Yourself."

NEIGHBOURLY SERVICE.—Agent: "May I put a burglar alarm in your house?"

Lady: "No, we don't need it."

Agent: "But—"

Lady: "No, I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen."

"You are a chemist by examination, are you?"

"I am."

"Been in the business a number of years?"

"I have."

"That is your diploma hanging up over there?"

"It is."

"Well, you may give me a pennyworth of camphorated chalk."

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We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be Next-of-kin of any Football Player or Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually playing Football or while riding a Cycle, as the case may be. The only condition is that the Football Player or Cyclist in question must at the time of the accident be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, May 1st, 1897.

A guinea will be sent to the person who forwards—by Monday, May 3rd, in an envelope marked "Benefit No. 6"—the best set of parody verses built up on similar lines to the "Nine Little Browns" which appear in the foregoing footlines. Take any nursery rhyme, and weave in something about the FRESH AIR FUND. Enclose sixpence in stamps for the F.A.F. with your attempt.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A GREEK SCHOOLBOY.

THE writing and writing materials of the present time are certainly among the most backward of modern institutions. The need of reform has been felt for centuries, but the reformer is long in coming. It has been stated, by those who know, that the shorthand of to-day will probably never be universal. A good typewriter, also, like a good bicycle, is beyond the reach of the majority.

Compare the style and tablets of the ancient Greek schoolboys with the slate, and its accessories, of modern use. The schoolboys of olden times traced their letters with the sharpened point of the style on soft wax. No squeaks, no brittle points to be broken, no sponge to become dry! When a new surface was required, they merely reversed their implement, and with the broad end wiped away their marks.

Occasionally it was necessary to renew the wax, but this, as might be the filling of inkpots to-day, was one of the duties of the "slaves."

The method of teaching Greek children to write is thus described by Protagoras: "A writing master first draws lines with a style for the use of the young beginner, and gives him tablets, and makes him follow the lines." Another method was for the master first to trace the letters faintly on the wax, and then to let the pupil draw them firmly over. The copy-book maxims, in the place of proverbs, were poems.

Tablets such as these have been found in what was evidently the grave of a schoolmaster, bearing lines from Meander. Certainly, the writing of our schoolboys is inferior to that of the Greeks.

In arithmetic, also, the ancients had the advantage, for there was practically none of it. To them, the natural way of counting was with their fingers. The left hand represented the units and tens; the right, the hundreds and thousands. With their clumsy notation elaborate calculations were practically impossible; as a mental aid, however, a calculating machine, "abacus," was made use of. This was not unlike those which are to be seen in our nurseries or kindergartens.

MAGISTRATE: "You have been arrested for furious bicycle-riding. What have you to say for yourself?"

PRISONER: "Your worship. I am very much obliged to the policeman who stopped my wild flight. It was my first ride, and goodness knows where I should have stopped if the policeman had not been there."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Israel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Cut off the Flap of Sirloin of Beef and sprinkle salt over it if the weather be warm, then boil and serve cold.

Hartshorn and Oil is a very good thing to rub into the chest for cold and hoarseness. A piece of new flannel should be placed over the chest after rubbing it in.

In Making Stews and Curries a small saucepan is better than a large one, and less likely to burn, as there is a smaller surface in the bottom.

A Cleansing Hair Wash is made of a lather of Castile soap, the beaten yolk of an egg, and two tablespoonfuls of spirits of rosemary. After applying this, rinse in tepid soft water as usual.

Fast Boiling of Meat hardens even the longest hung and most tender joint. Excessive heat causes the albumen in the meat to become solid, so solid, indeed, that the heat cannot penetrate to the interior.

Silver Dress Trimmings may be cleaned by covering them with dry magnesia and leaving for two hours; then rub the magnesia well in with a piece of flannel, afterwards removing it with a clean plate-brush. (Reply to LYNWOOD.)

To Melt Chocolate for layer cakes, etc., rinse out a clean pan with water, put in the chocolate, set over a gentle fire, and stir steadily the whole time till it is liquid. The chocolate requires to be watched very carefully, or it may all turn to powder. Use directly it is liquid.

To Renovate Black Cloth. Mix a tablespoonful of ox-gall with a quart of soft water; sponge the material thoroughly with this mixture and afterwards with clear water. A weak solution of ammonia is sometimes used, but it does not restore the colour of the material as well as the above. (Reply to LIZZIE.)

The Good Spring Medicine you wish to use is prepared as follows, and I prefer it to sulphur lozenges: Take half an ounce of flowers of sulphur, one ounce of cream of tartar, and half a pound of treacle or golden syrup. Take a dessertspoonful before breakfast daily for a week. (Reply to CORRESPONDENT.)

Cabbage Mould is a tasty little dish, and is often more appreciated than the homely "boiled cabbage." Make it in this way: Boil the cabbage, squeeze it in a colander till perfectly dry, then chop it small, and add a little butter, pepper, and salt. Press the whole tightly into a china mould and bake for three-quarters of an hour. When done, turn out, pour brown gravy round, and serve.

Chicken Jelly for an Invalid. To a quart of cold water add half a raw chicken, cut up finely, and let this stand for an hour, and then simmer it slowly till the liquor is reduced to half the quantity. Season with pepper, salt, and a little mace. Strain first through a colander and then through a cloth into a wetted mould. When cold, this will doubtless be acceptable to your invalid who is so tired of broth and beef-tea. (Reply to DEVONIA.)

Some Hints on Preparing Ices. Flavour and sweeten ices rather strongly, for the process of freezing lessens the taste. Use only those syrups and colourings that can be positively relied on for purity and strength. When following out a given recipe be very exact in weighing or measuring quantities of sugar, cream, and flavourings. When turning out ices from a mould, dip the mould in cold water. When not in use, keep the freezer quite dry and sweet.

This Tomato Mustard Recipe will, I hope, suit your purpose. Slice a pint of ripe tomatoes, and boil for three-quarters of an hour with a small piece of chili. Press through a hair sieve and boil up again, with pepper, allspice, pounded cloves, ground ginger, mace, and salt to taste. When cold, stir in two or three teaspoonfuls of mustard worked into a smooth paste with vinegar, add the same quantity of curry-powder and enough vinegar to make all the consistency of made mustard, then bottle for use. It would not do to give exact quantities of spices for this recipe, for tastes vary so much, and some like a larger quantity of one spice than another, etc. This sauce will be found delicious with cold meat. (Reply to ELDORA.)

For Curved Furniture use a new, soft, painter's brush for dusting. The bristles will penetrate the deepest crevices, without in any way injuring the polish.

To Restore Linen. Apply a large handful of refined borax, diluted with two gallons of boiling water. Soap the linen into this when cool, and let it stand over night before washing.

Egg Fritters. Boil the eggs for eight minutes, peel, and cut them in two lengthwise, and wrap each one in a thin slice of bacon. Dip the prepared eggs in a light batter, and fry for six minutes. Serve with thick brown gravy, and garnish with fried parsley.

To Remove Iron-Mould. Wet the spot with hot water, lay it over a hot-water plate, put a little powdered salt of lemons on the spot, and rub it with the back of a spoon. Rinse in clear water as soon as the stain is removed. Keep spoon and plate especially for this process, and label the salt of lemons poison.

Anticrep Roll. Pass one pound each of pork and veal through a mincing machine. Season it with a piece of grated nutmeg and a little chopped onion, add the rind of a lemon, finely grated. Beat an egg and add it to the meat, form it into a long roll on a baking-tin, scatter breadcrumbs on the top, and pour run butter over. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve with good brown gravy.

To Remove Tar from Clothing is once more asked me, and so I will quote my method which has been found successful. Apply to the stains with a piece of flannel successive applications of turpentine, coal tar, naphtha, and benzine. If the stains are very old, they should be rubbed with a flannel dipped into salad oil previous to the above applications. The oil softens the tar, which then easily yields to other treatments. (Reply to L. A.)

If Ground Chicory be Used in Coffee it should be mixed in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of chicory to a pound of ground coffee. The infusion should be made by placing the required quantity in a dry coffee-pot, putting it on the stove or in the oven till the pot is hot and the aroma strengthened, then pour boiling water on it, and keeping the steam in till required—the flavour escapes with the steam. If coffee be mixed with chicory, it should never be boiled, as the latter then becomes bitter.

Veal Stew. Take all the meat off a knuckle of veal, and put the bones on to boil with three pints of water. Let them stew with an onion and a carrot till the broth measures one pint and a half. Strain off the bones and vegetables, and add the meat, cut into neat pieces. Season and add mace, with a little allspice, forcemeat balls, and celery, cut into two-inch lengths. Cover the saucepan and allow it to simmer for an hour. Dish up the meat and celery, thicken the gravy, add a little milk, and pour it over all. Garnish with rashers of bacon and serve at once.

To Renovate a Hair Mattress at home is quite possible, and, if you do the cleansing yourself, you have the satisfaction of knowing it is thoroughly done. First unpick the tick, take out the hair, shake it well, and wash part of the hair at a time. Make a lather of cold soap and rain water, and add a little borax. Place the hair in this lather, wash it quickly, pulling the bunches of it apart so as to be thoroughly cleansed. When clean, rinse, shake out, and place in a large old sheet till nearly dry. Next spread the hair on newspapers set on the floor of an unused room. You can renique the mattress yourself, but I think it would be more satisfactory to employ an experienced hand, as it is very difficult work, requiring much care. (Reply to EVA.)

The Prettiest Little Girl I Know is also the neatest, and (in spite of diligent studies) one never sees a spot of ink on her small person. She must, I think, know how well her school pinafore suits her, for her teacher says that she never appears without it during lesson time. It is of butcher-blue linen, and has a flounce round the foot of the skirt. The top is gathered, both back and front, into a straight yoke which, at the neck, is again cut away; so that in reality there is but a straight band back and front, with another over the shoulder. The pinafore fastens down the centre back, and is merely made neat at the armholes, for there are no sleeves. I can strongly recommend this design—it is for a child of six to eight—as being not only protective but becoming. The pinafore pattern (No. 3474) is only 6d. from these offices.



Bitter Butter is the result of letting milk stand too long before it is churned.

Clean your Sa'de Gloves by rubbing with hot dried clove when they are on the hands, using a piece of new flannel.

To Polish Brass Kettles that are very much tarnished first rub with a solution of oxalic acid, then dry and polish with rotten stone or finest emery.

Those who Suffer from Bileousness should take a tumbler of hot water, with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, night and morning, without sugar.

Mouth Wash. Place a pint of hot water in a bottle, and add to it three or four crystals of permanganate of potash, sufficient to make a light crimson colour. Wash out the mouth with this twice or thrice daily.

Fricassee of Calf's Liver. Take one pound of liver, cut it into long thin strips, and dredge with flour. Fry quickly to a light brown in a little butter, turning constantly. Chop two small onions with a little parsley, add them to half a pint of good gravy, add the liver, and stew all together very slowly for twenty minutes. To serve, set the liver on a hot dish, thicken the gravy, and pour it over all.

Pickled Cauliflower. Break the heads in pieces according to their natural divisions. After washing thoroughly, boil in salted water for five minutes, drain off, then into cold water and drain thoroughly, and when dry place in jars or bottles. Boil some white wine vinegar with sugar, cayenne pepper, and spices to taste, strain and pour scalding over the cauliflower; when cold, cork tightly and tie over with bladder. (Reply to ST. HELEN'S.)

Never Threaten a Child with a Punishment which you do not seriously mean to inflict, for children quickly discover if one is in earnest or not. It is only fair to give a child due warning, but if after speaking once or twice the child perseveres in bad conduct, disobedience, or whatever it is, the threat should be carried out. It is right to rule, as far as possible, with love, and not by fear, but it is often not well to allow justice to be too much tempered by mercy.

Irish Griddle Cakes. Ingredients: one pound of self-raising flour, one teacupful of milk, one egg, three ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar. First dissolve the sugar in the milk, and add to it the beaten egg. Rub the butter into the flour, and mix with a wooden spoon or the hand, adding by degrees the milk, sugar, etc. Roll out to a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into any shapes desired. Bake on a hot griddle from twenty to thirty minutes, browning on both sides. Serve at once. To the above quantities add more flour if the batter be too damp. (Thanks to L. P.)

To Preserve Eggs, Follow my Recipe, and you will find it highly successful. To every gallon of water put one pound of quicklime, pour the water when boiling on the quicklime, and let it stand twenty-four hours, then add a tablespoonful of salt to each gallon. Procure a wide-mouthed brown earthenware pan, well glazed inside, and large enough to hold about a hundred eggs. Pack the eggs carefully into the jar, discarding all those that have thin shells, or are in the least cracked. Pour in the lime water, cover over the vessel with a slate, stand it in a cellar, but not on the floor. Be sure that the eggs are all completely covered with the lime. (Reply to E. F. D. I.)

Sobel

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LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

W. T. suggests that a new page should be inserted in P.W., one side of which should be perfectly blank and utilized by the reader for the purpose of making notes; and GREAT AT IDEAS suggests that it would be excellent if we were to put in an extra page, with advertisements on one side and the illustrations in the Picture Puzzle Competitions on the other.

If GREAT AT IDEAS will undertake to fill the page with advertisements we would be pleased to fall in with his suggestion, but for the fact that it is impossible to insert a single extra page in P.W. without pasting it, and the cost of this would be prohibitive. As for the memorandum idea, that would be excellent, if workable, from our point of view. From your point of view, it might be used for the children to scribble on instead of the half-guinea copies of your encyclopedia, or the wall-paper of your drawing-room.

S. K. raises the following point: "A duck lays a number of eggs which are hatched by an incubator, and the young ducks are brought up by a hen. Which is the ducklings' female parent?" To argue this point out on a strictly logical basis, it is necessary to commence by bearing in mind the fact that the maternal relationship is divided into three component parts. First the duck, second the incubator, and third the hen. If it were not for the duck, the incubator and the hen would be of no use in this particular case; while if it were not for the incubator the eggs would never have been hatched; and thirdly, if it were not for the hen, the young and giddy ducklings would have eaten their wild oats without the advantages of a maternal eye. As a matter of fact, the actual mother of the ducklings is the duck which lays the eggs and the incubator and the hen act in conjunction as foster-parents.

QUI VIVE most indignantly refuses to believe the statement that appeared in "THE MISTAKES WE MAKE" the other day to the effect that a lion's mouth cannot admit a human head, and suggests that the author should try the experiment. The reason for his volcanic denial lies in the fact that he has seen a showman do the trick many a time. In this, however, he is absolutely wrong. No lion or tiger has yet made this earth a nuisance whose mouth will admit a human head. All that these tamers do is to place the face between the jaws, leaving the bulk of the head outside.

STILL on the subject of "MISTAKES," several correspondents have expressed their surprise that I should so far endanger the dignity of P.W. by stating that birds never die of cold. They point out that every winter one sees dozens of sparrows and other birds lying about in the snow, frozen to death.

Frozen, certainly, but after death has taken place. Mr. Thomson, the head keeper of the Zoological Society's Gardens, ought to know something about the matter, if anybody does, and he states that no birds have died from cold alone at the Zoo, even during the terribly severe winter of '94 and '95, and he instances the fact that many birds, as the ivory gull, spend not only the summer, but the entire winter within the Arctic circle. It is not cold, but old age, disease, fog, and starvation that are responsible for the death of the birds that you see lying about.

O. L. L. asks: "Which is the most remarkable exception to the rule that 'Familiarity breeds contempt'?" When I first read that question I mentally drew up the following answer: "The fact that people who habitually take in P.W. always appreciate the last number most." I like that answer, because it discreetly wedges in a pretty touch of egoism. But it will have to be sacrificed. It is an exception to the general rule, but one which everyone would expect. The real answer is to be found in the effect which earthquakes have on the inhabitants of countries where they are matters of almost weekly occurrence. It is highly curious that these repetitions, instead of blunting the feeling of terror which an earthquake always inspires, seems to strengthen it. In Peru, where more earthquakes occur than in other countries, every succeeding visitation increases the general dismay. Instead of growing accustomed to the shocks, the effect on the nervous system becomes greater and greater, so that aged people often find the fear a slight earthquake will produce almost insupportable. This is so not only in Peru, but in Mexico and all countries liable to the phenomenon. The natives are always found more sensible than strangers to the slightest shocks.

"I CANNOT understand," says A. C., "why a cat is permitted by Nature to torment its prey. I suppose that this is the only instance in the animal world of such wanton brutality." In this, however, you are mistaken. There is a very good and sufficient reason why a cat should apparently torture a mouse; that reason is analogous to the one for which a swordsman or a pianist persistently practises in order to attain efficiency. By permitting a mouse to run about after it is caught, and pouncing upon it before it finally escapes, a cat develops a sureness of aim and an activity which it otherwise could not, for lack of opportunity, secure for itself.

A SOLID gold pencil-case is offered this week to the person who sends on the back of a post-card the most humorous definition of an Editor. A penknife will go to each of the next best fifty. Date of closing, Monday, May 3rd.

TIT WILLOW asks: "What is the greatest age to which a man ever lived in the 'days of old'?" Between eight and nine million years, if we take the computation of ancient historians. According to old Hindu writers, the duration of life with common men was 80,000 years, and holy men lived as a matter of everyday occurrence to be upwards of 100,000. But the shining character of Indian history is one who was the first king, the first anchorite, and the first saint. His name was Prathama Raja. Prathama Bhishacara, Prathama Jina, and Prathama Tirthanacara, and a very good name, too, for anyone who hadn't to address envelopes to him. At the time of his inauguration as king, his age was 2,000,000 years. He reigned a trifle of 6,300,000, and then resigned his empire to his sons, and devoted the remaining 100,000 years of his life to passing through several stages of austerity and sanctity. The ancient Hindus had the most peculiar ideas on the subject of ages. Their famous Institutes of Menu, for instance, are certainly less than 3,000 years old; but the Indian chronologists state they were revealed 2,000,000,000 years before the present era!

A GRAND new serial story, by Miss Joan Barrett, entitled "A Broken Mask," commences in *Short Stories* dated May 1st. It is in every way an excellent tale, and well worth beginning at once.

H. T. L. is of the opinion that dogs are really most useless animals. He is convinced that there is a magnificent foundation in them for the manufacture of useful creatures, but all this is allowed to run to waste. There is a good deal of truth in this. The dog, as he stands, is really a most interesting individual, but frightfully useless. He might be made to do a lot of things besides singing at night; his accomplishments are simply latent: they want rousing. Patience will achieve tremendously startling results. I know of a lady who has trained her dog to lift the bottom part of her dress as she crosses a muddy road. He is simply an unassuming, stumpy-tailed little terrier, but his actions at the proper time are beyond reproach. As the lady is about to step off the kerb, the little fellow gathers the hem of her skirt between his teeth, flings his head high in the air, and steps round to her side, the result being to sweep the skirt well clear of the roadway. Quite a nice little dog this, to fulfil the offices which are a bit of a nuisance to a lady, and which a gentleman cannot, consistently with good breeding, take upon himself.

A GOODLY number of readers have successfully solved the mathematical puzzle which was set them on this page two or three weeks ago, though the methods of solution employed have been widely different. It will be found that 771 is the divisor and 156 is the quotient which fulfil the conditions required. The neatest and most lucid solution was forwarded by C. A. Young, 319, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, and a gold pencil-case has been forwarded to this competitor.

A *propos* of the railway scare which is still exercising the minds of a singularly large number of emotional people (and it is not the first time that precisely the same conditions have existed), COUNTESS Q. asks to be informed of the reasons which originally led to the construction of the present "highly-regrettable" form of railway carriage. The nature of the railway carriage such as we use to day is an example of the difficulty to which the human mind is subject of throwing off preceding influences even when these influences are clearly entailing inconvenience. The old coaches and chaises drawn by horses were made in one way, and the designers of the new coaches to be drawn by steam, blindly adopted the same principle. On one of the original railway coaches was inscribed the words *Tria juncta in uno*. It was looked upon as three coaches joined together. The fact that the old coaches were run under entirely different circumstances to the new no one stopped to consider, and owing to this influence of established customs, there is still experienced the utmost difficulty in introducing into this country the far more convenient American type of railwaycar. Personally, and because, being an editor, I am used to protecting myself, I prefer the present system, with the chance of getting a carriage to yourself, than the American system, where this is out of the question. If I ever build a railway, I shall have the carriages made for one. Man has been so fixed that when he is travelling he wants to be alone and not to be bothered by other people. This has been entirely overlooked as the real reason why so many outrages and murders are committed on trains. It is an hereditary instinct, and one you can't avoid. The fact that another man has got a ticket and has as much right as you to be in a carriage does not make the smallest difference. Every intruder is an ill-mannered brute who is taking an unwarrantable liberty. You stare at him as rudely as you can, and if you have to shift your papers from one seat to another to accommodate him, the reason you don't shoot is because you don't happen to have a weapon handy. The only cheerful and healthy-looking people who have anything to do with railways are the

guards; this is because they travel alone. In America the conductors—who do not—are just as bad-tempered and weary-looking as the rest of their passengers.

By a really striking coincidence the very next letter that I come to bears directly upon this point. A correspondent who signs himself ROADSTER asks how the fact can be accounted for that "bus-drivers are mostly always fat and jovial fellows, who look as if they had never known a day's illness in their lives, while the conductors behind are lean and unhappy creatures, with cadaverous faces which never smile."

The reason is precisely that which I have given in the preceding paragraph. A bus-driver is perched away out of the reach of the crowd. He never has to make room for anyone or to apologise for treading on people's feet. He goes about in the way Nature allows a man ought to go about. But the poor conductor is like the unfortunate railway passenger. He has constantly people coming in and going out, poking him with umbrellas, pushing him first one way and then another, and asking questions which he does not wish to answer. The greater part of his life is spent in dodging people's feet. It makes him thin, and gives a weary look to his eyes. The more he is rumpled and jolted the more he wants to be alone. But it is no good. He is doomed to everlasting disappointment, like the wily old lady who once put her head out of a carriage window and deliberately told a man who was attempting to get in that she was only just recovering from an attack of scarlet fever. "That don't count, mum," he said, "I'm on my way to the 'ospital!"

ALTHOUGH the list of subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND this week is a bit brighter, how poorly it shows against the £100 a week we used to have in last year! You are losing a grand opportunity of seeing your name in all the glory of print. There is many a man who would pay a very big price to enjoy the knowledge that his name was perused by a million or more people all the world over. The price you are now asked to pay is that of a child's happiness—a paltry ninepence! There is no very great amount of physical or mental exertion necessary to place a subscription in an envelope and post it along to this office, but there certainly is a little time, a little patience, and a perpetual smile necessary to succeed in collecting money from other people for this purpose. Although there are doubtless a large number of enterprising folk who are quite willing to devote this time, this patience, and this perpetual smile to the cause of the F.A.F., I think it only fair that they should have some substantial reward for their labours, and I have therefore much pleasure in offering to the person who, before June 1st, collects the largest amount on behalf of the F.A.F., a five-guinea watch, or any other article of this value which the winner may select. A volume of *Pearson's Magazine* will be given to the sender of the next greatest, and a bottle of *Home Notes* bouquet to the next. Collecting forms may be obtained free of charge from this office, and there is no reason why you should not apply for two or three of them and set your children to work, combining the whole amounts they receive, and sending it in one envelope, marked "COLLECTION." Last year a number of readers subscribed substantial anonymous sums to the F.A.F. Need I remind them that we shall be delighted to receive anything which they feel disposed to send in the same manner this year?

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